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on 13 March, 2020

THE DAWN IN BRITAIN

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The Dawn in Britain

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'TRAVELS IN ARABIA DESERTA'

VOLUME I

52326

LONDON: DUCKWORTH & CO.

3 HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN

1906

Edinburgh: T. and A. Constable, Printers to His Majesty

BOOK I

ARGUMENT

THE SUBJECT OF THIS POEM

THE ISLE lies empty and desolate. A people of the Gaulish Main, chosen out, by lot, overfare to Britain. SAMOTH is duke and father of the new Island-nation. Sarron, the Star, succeeds him. Marriage of father Sarron's daughters; and that sire's death. After him his ten sons-in-law rule the Britons. After their time, and being now strife among the island tribes, Dunwallon is chosen royal warden of the nation, as Samoth, erewhile, was. Dunwallon gives his people laws. That great and good king is slain. Belinus then and Brennus, his twin sons, contend for the sovereignty.

Brennus, passed the seas, is received by his uncle Correus, king of Sénones Gauls. Brennus, in Arden forest, fights with ethling Heremod, duke of an inroad of neighbour Almains; wherein they both, in a manner, being conquerors, Brennus and Heremod make covenant together, and swear oath-brotherhood.

King Belinus passes the sea, with an army, to go against Brennus. Their mother Corwen passes over, in another vessel. Reconciliation of those royal brethren. Word, then, is brought, from Britain; that the tribes' princes have banished them from the Isle.

Belinus and Brennus fare forth, with new gathered armies, to Gaulish wars; and joined, to theirs, is an Almain power, with ethling Heremod. After many marches, Gauls, gone forth, in arms, avenge the Aquitainians of their enemies, Iberians. Gauls, thus, conquer, to themselves, new seats in far-off Spain; Celtiberia.

THE DAWN IN BRITAIN

BOOK I

I CHANT new day-spring, in the MUSES' ISLES,
Of Christ's eternal Kingdom. Men of the East,
Of hew and raiment strange, and uncouth speech,
Behold, in storm-beat ship, cast nigh our Land !
New Light is risen upon the World, from whence
The dawn doth rise. In Canaan of the East,
These days, was heard, of men, as Voice divine ;
Which in Thy mouth, JESUA, our Prince of Peace !

But thou, dear Foster, Britain's MUSE, record,
What antique wights dwelled ere in this sweet soil ;
Who kings, of sacred seed, bare o'er them rule ;
What gods adored then the blue-pictured Britons.
Sith tumults, great war-deeds of Britain's sons ;
And erst of glorious BRENNUS in Mainland.
Who conquered Rome, and Italy did burn ;
And arms of his great seed, still turned gainst Rome.

None from dim ruins, in vast deep abysm,
Of buried ages, Muse, save thou alone,
Nurseling of Memory, can revoke again !
Sith Cæsar's wars, in this Far Island Britain ;
Where now, behold, yond saints of Christ arrive.

* * *

Now, after sundered from the Continent ;
This Isle lay empty, a land of cloud and frost,
And forest of wild beasts ; till creeping time
Brought man's kin forth. Then Fathers of the World,
Begate the nations. Last few fisher folk,
Passed, driven by tempest, from the Mainland's coast.
They feeble of stature, clad in fells of beasts ;
(Whose weapons, in their hands, were sharp flint stones,)
The river strands possessed, and wild salt shores.
To them were holes, delved underground, for bowers :
Trees were and streams and hills and stars, their gods.

Then, from the East, ascends new warlike brood,
In stature like to children of the gods :
Foot-folk and chariot riders, whose stern hands,
Armed with hard bronze, and great their flocks and herds.
Nephews of these, in long succeeding ages,
Filled all that fair wide soil, which we Main Gaul
Now name, to gates even of vast Ocean Stream.

Were gathered then, to marches of the North,
Kindreds and tribes, before their kings ; to choose,
A people which, to new seats, should fare forth.
In every five, is one man taken, by lot.
Lords chosen are of their thousands, in like sort.
Those called before North Gaul's assembled kings ;
When now, new sacred lots were, mongst them cast,
One taken is, SAMOTH, to be supreme duke,
Of royal kin ; and strengthen him the gods.
At full moon should be this new nation's voyage.
But come the day, when gathered to great plain,
Of Belges' Gaul, this people should remove,
Priests join, to Samoth's wain, two young white steers,
Whose wide-horned fronts, lo, guirlanded with flowers !
And are their necks unbroken to the yoke.
The people, with their droves, sue where those wend.
Each eve, where halt the sacred beves, they lodge.
Then days, fare this new folk, of many weeks,
In devious paths, until, in fine, far off,
They view that Ocean Stream, which girds the World.
And lo, the sacred heifers, Samoth's wain,
Draw down, at morrow, to sea's barren strand.
In salt waves, then, descended, they begin,

Come to their withers, both forth stately swim.
In the vast desert tide : and their face set
Is, to dim-shining cliffs of yond White Isle.
Gaul's stand then all confused, on that wide shore.
Duke Samoth, leapt down from the sacred wain,
Him many, through strange billows, bear to land.
Dripping salt humour, he in view of all,
Sea's pebble-banks ascends. Soon beckons then,
The duke, from cliff; and shout his word loud heralds,
That lodge they all, to-day, at these sea brinks.
Whilst Gauls long gaze, were lost, to view, those beves.
At eve, fleet back their guirlands, to this strand,
Then whispered was ; And there would some man vow
His soul, for Gauls' great voyage, now to high gods,
His name should spring among the endless stars,
Where gods and heroes old. Start three young lords,
That to priests' turven altars, hold in course ;
Each greedy of glory ; and one, above the rest,
(Youth of divine aspect,) with glittering glaive,
Running, it thrust, ah ! down, in his own bowels !
Might hardly his germains, druids then refrain,
(Were all those sons of one old noble man,)
But weeping, they, with generous great desire,

Would likewise slay themselves, with the selt brand.
To honour him that dead is, mourn the Gauls,
All night, whilst fire consumes his sacred corse:
Whose ashes priests, at dawn, strew to sea waves.
Sent Samoth word, to yet assembled kings,
That bade, to-night, in dream of sleep, his god,
Him ride on vast salt-water's plain, to land:
Whence Samoth makes request, they one year's space,
Might tarry at these sea-brinks, to build them ships;
Wherein they follow should their sacred steers.
Unto him, is brought back word, enquired Gaul's kings,
Done sacrifice, of this thing, of their gods;
And they, consenting, grant, moreo'er, them tithe
Of the land's corn; which those, in harvest season,
May reap down, for their peoples' sustenance.
With stroke on stroke, of thousand strong right arms,
That sea-bent rings; and falls the antique forest.
Taught of poor fishers, Samoth's folk wrought barks,
Of boards, with spikes, conjoined, to crooked knees,
Of oaks; and caulked with tallow and hair of beasts.
Other, them weaved, of osier, basket boats,
Which they with fells o'erdight of sacrifices.

When twelve moons now have waned, in Gaul's cold
skies,
Descends that green wood, a loose-timbered navy ;
And rides on wild sea-billows' face, at strand.
Is fashioned the duke Samoth's barge, like chariot,
Which mongst them fleets, wherein their sacred
things.
Full shines the thirteenth moon, on Gaul's bleak
seas,
When now flood-tide springs, under their fraught
keels.
Then standing by their prows, with guirlands, dight,
This fearful people wait some heavenly sign.
Eftsoon, the wind veers lightly from Gaul's land.
Then sounds out Samoth's trumpet, priests hurl
brands,
From altars to sea waves. Gauls climbed aboard,
Plash forth, with oars ; and loud chant to their gods.
Nor had that fleeting nation lost the shore,
Whereon now burning left they thousand fires,
When, in sea's watery paths, gin dread their hearts.
Soon in this moonshine, sounds much confused voice,
Of men embarked, with multitude of stived beasts.

When last that weary night's long shadow past,

Them fails now, in mid course, the morning wind.
Then herdmen Gauls, outlaying their rude oars,
To win yond White Isle's cliffs, long vainly strive.
For aye them backward sets a sliding tide.
Loud all that day, rockt in their idle ships,
(And oft each other, as in so thick fleet,
They fall aboard,) call Gauls on their land-gods ;
And faint their cattle, tossed in long unrest.
Then Samoth's mind is rent, twixt two dread thoughts ;
Whether, to saviour gods, he offer up,
To-day, his son, for passage of that deep,
Or die himself, amidst his people's ships.
Senotigern, in Samoth's barge, who sails,
Chief druid, sees divine statures, in sea mist,
Of woody gods ; whose lofty antique groves,
This people have hewed down, to build them ships ;
Wherefore they, angry, sea-bound hold their navy.
Proclaims then loud-voiced herald, that all men make,
Devoutly, to those wood-gods vows and prayers ;
And Noden, sovereign lord, named of sea deep.
Behold, at setting sun, now sign divine !
Green-grown the timbers of the royal barge,
That shoot out branches then and golden buds.
Anon, new springing East wind wafts their keels.
Nigh middle night they touch, under white cliffs,

In a fair bay. Was first there to take land,
A widow's bark, rowed of her valiant sons,
Portending, in that soil, should women reign.
At morrow, founden were, on those white cliffs,
Their sacred steers. Gauls then, to joyous feast,
Them give, till eve; when kindled beacon fires,
At Samoth's word, in sign they salute Gaul.
Soon shout this folk, when answering flames are seen!
Far over seas, from their own Gaulish Main.
Those sacred heifers Druids, at new dawn,
Yoke unto Samoth's barge. By laund, those then
Draw, towards hill-grove: whereas, betwixt two oaks,
It priests set up, under green wattled lodge,
Of the trees' boughs. Therein, of Samoth's god,
An image is, which brought his fathers old,
From Land of the Sunrising, soil far off;
Wherein, (is fame,) aforetime, Gauls abode.
That here, the narrow sea beyond; in view
Of Gaul's great Main, should be his dwelling-place.
Then king, in the New Isle, is Samoth named,
His people's father, of Gaul's o'erfared druids.
In his white mantle, sith cast sacred lots
Senotigern, the old: and this, to wot,
Unto which part, appoint the holy gods,
Should every kindred tread up from this shore;

And it possess. Behold then, on green hill,
The same whereat were found the sacred steers;
Standing before his folk, the righteous King
Ordains that all, in summer moon, each year,
Assemble to this place; and judges sit
With him, this people's causes to enquire:
Which month should aye be void of warlike fear.
Is this that antique Samoth named The Star,
For sacred skill, was in him, of star-read,
Founder of kingdoms, and our nation's laws;
Whom after ages worshipped as a god.

When now have dwelled in Britain, many years,
His Gauls, deceased King Samoth, in ripe age;
Succeeded, in whose room, his nephew Sarron.
For Samoth's son, vowed, in that passing o'er,
To a sea god, might not long live on ground.
Men his disciples name Sarronides.

Much then increased this nation of the Gauls,
In the Isle. Last grown King Sarron blind and old,
Not having sons, the people are his heirs;
Though ten his daughters, born of one chaste womb.
And died in the last birth of their sweet babes,
Their mother Bronwen of most perfect feature;
Whose sovereign beauty, in every one diverse,
Is seen and infused wisdom of their sire.

Then princes many asked those royal maids,
And without dower, for their beloved sons.
For he, who nourished all young lords, that sought
To him, for doctrine, as the poor for bread,
Had well-nigh, now, his once large substance spent.
Howbe just gods, which love the bounteous soul,
As their own image, blessed his herds and flocks.
In sacred moon of the revolving year,
Was day uprising from his purple throne,
When lords and elders, Gauls' new nation's heads,
Reverent, convey the blind sire in his charret.
To moot-hill, all that day, he softly rides:
Where come; behold, green camps and wattled bowers,
Of leafy boughs; and Britons lodge around.
Was then Senotigern, old royal druid,
Revealed his people's will, at length, to Sarron;
And namely, that should wed the royal maids:
Brought gifts have Britons also, in their hands,
They to the judges' seat, will none approach,
This year, to trouble feast in Samoth's house.
Answered the pious King, touching this thing,
He would enquire, of heaven, by sacrifice;
More favourable he had oft-time, found, his gods,
By night-time. For this people, whose infinite voïce,
I hear, slay, druid, a white bull; and slay

Me, (see thou,) a perfect wether for my soul:
And for each of my children, an ewe lamb.
So might my prayer receive thrice-holy gods.
That druid went forth; and when he came again,
Bright messenger of sacred dawn, is risen,
The morning star. Then to the Briton sire,
He spake, how severally the bowels renounce,
Propitious is the mind of Gauls' great gods.
On turven altars, dight the victims' flesh;
Them, suddenly, a three-forked flame of lightning smote,
Which every one consumed, to the green sods.
Now day, an herald, from moot-hill, proclaims,
Sarron the King, admonished of high gods,
The people's asking grants. Stand forth who covet,
Of noble youth, be sons in Samoth's house.
Three score, lo, wooers of those royal maids,
Excelling all their fellows, in men's sight,
Of hew full pale, (so love drinks up their spirits!)
Rise: and seen now they all were to be sons,
Of whoso noblest are of o'erfared Gauls.
Bundles Senotigern then, of little rods,
Prepares; whereon each wooer his several token,
Sets: and these being all together cast,
In priest's white saie; behold that reverend druid
Calls two purblind old wights, out of the press.

As these then wave and shake, their lots fall forth :
Till seemeth now only ten ones to remain.
Then cries the priest ! and they withhold their hands.
Britons loud hail those happier chosen ones.
Cluster now whoso noblest them around :
So, young men, bring forth, mild of countenance,
But with elated breasts, and lead to Sarron ;
Who, under large oak boughs, gives audience.
Britons sing bridal songs, all, with glad voice.
Taking their hands, divines that long-aged sire,
The bodily image of his sons-in-law ;
And riddles them, to read their hearts, propounds.
Sarron then bade, to call, from the ox-wains,
His daughters. See, where come those royal maids !
With blushing looks and gracious steps of doves.
All, like to dream, are fair ! With heart's amaze,
Each noble youth, each royal virgin sees,
Him, whom least hardly she might love ; he her,
Whom he, above a mother's love, doth choose !
Their hearts already have knit holy gods.
With bowed-down heads, each gentle pair plight hands,
Sign of their virgin troth, in the blind palms,
Of their and all this people's father, Sarron.
And they the doom-hill now, with Sarron sire,
Ascend. He, blind, sat down on Samoth's stone,

And all acclaim him. Then, before the Gauls,
The necks girt the king-father's trembling hands,
With royal wreath of gold, of every of those
Young lords shall be his sons. His sceptre rod,
Unto each then gives, in order, in his hand;
Ordaining each were king, after his day,
By monthly course; and Britons loud applaud.
The sire descended, eftsoon, mounts in chariot!
And, three times round, about the moot-hill drives,
In that he supplicates his nation's gods.
But when day's eve, and deckt the bridal bowers;
Now after supper, clad in whitest lawn,
The royal brides, with chaplets on their heads,
Of the May-lilies, like the sister hours,
Lo, led forth, with shrill songs and carolings,
And voice of pipes, midst band of noble maids;
Where stand the bridegrooms, in glad companies,
With thousand torches of the cloven pine.
Ten thousand throats then, loud, the marriage gods
Praising, pray bless those, paired now, royal lives.
Soon after parts the blind sire, in his chariot,
In white moonlight, unto his wonted place;
Which is an hall and bowers, and shepherd's cotes,
Twixt streaming Medway and green forest side.
Sith ten days' long, with song and merry make,

(And each day of a royal pair, is named ;)
The Britons, gathered in their open camps,
Those bridals keep, which look toward's Gaul's mainland.
But when fulfilled those days of dance and feast ;
Creeps in all hearts desire now to turn home.
Britons, at early morrow, will forsake
Their withered bowers. But hardly well uprisen,
Is this new sun when, lo, in powdered chariot,
With panting steeds, arrives an hoar-head herald.
Belvese, who standing, hollow-voiced, for grief,
Proclaims aloud, amongst the people's press ;
That from this fleshes darkness, passed, to-night,
Great Sarron's Spirit, to new light of the gods.
Rose confused murmur, great then wailing voice
Brake from a mourning nation's multitude !
Those sperse them soon, in many companies ;
Then wend they all to field, for halm and wood,
Till eve ; for burning of the royal dead.
Unto the moot-hill, cometh now slowly on
The funeral wain. All fare, when sets this sun,
To sprinkle meadow-sweet and flower of broom,
Before the bier. Bards blow loud wailing note,
In trumps and reeds ; and rue the people's hearts ;
And bellow Kent's white hills, as the sea's shore.

Drawn of slow ox-team, shrouded in white lawn,
Behold, which convoy forth, the people's heads,
Singing shrill funeral hymns, the royal corse.
Before them priests, with cressets go and brands:
And each one sighs, as for his father dead.
But come this mourning to their high-strewed pyre,
Princes and druids, crowned with dismal yew,
Reverent, uplifting, bear the royal corse,
Upon the high-banked wood. The Britons all,
Standing in compass round, with veiléd heads;
Those royal spouses, Sarron's sons-in-law,
Slay sheep and beves. When druids the king's corse
Have with the victims' fat, then overlaid,
Priests give, from off the holy altars, brands,
Unto the princes; and those fire the wood,
Whereon loud sighing East wind gins to breathe.
And, lo, uprolling smoke, and climbing flames,
Like roaring waves! whilst a sad people watch,
Sitting, till morning-red, all, on dank grass.
The dying embers, quenched the royal sons,
With mead and milk; then in an ark of bronze,
Gather those few bleached bones, with pious hands.
Britons, in the next days, on rolling beams,
Draw mighty stones, unto that burning-place.
Sith, under-delving, them uprear, on end,

To stand aye round the chamber of the dead :
Which custom is of antique royal Gauls ;
Whose father, Gomer, dreamed should drown the world.
A sennight, Britons, banking earth and sods,
Labour to mound high tomb. Lighten their toil
The silver accords of bard's trembling crowth.
Upon the king's grave-mound, Senotigern then,
Standing, loud praised the days of Sarron dead.
Last, thrice, about the royal funeral hill,
All slowly pace ; and three times, shout Farewell!
The mourning ended, they, with Sarron's sons,
Which henceforth, in their several months, should rule,
Turn to go home. Those noble brethren dwell,
Sith, without envy or guile, in Sarron's hall.

When gone, sith that king's death, were certain years,
Wasted the isle a grievous pestilence.
Perish unnumbered Britons' multitude.
And who survived, so feeble were and low,
They might uneath their garments' weight sustain :
Whence custom grew, that Island Britain's Gauls,
Muchwhat their valiant members leave unclad ;
And stain, in war, which counted healing was,

Their flesh with woad. Cause of this death, deemed
druids,
Some unappeased ire of the blue sea-gods.
Wherefore, when Britons gathered were to cliff
Of Kent, in the moot-month, each lord his steed
Cast to sea waves. Which done, divining druids,
At new day-spring, beheld three high-necked steeds,
Before the precinct of their sacred grove,
Divine of semblant. Whilst they marvelling stood,
Those steeds brake, with loud neighing, to sea shore;
Whence seemed they to draw forth, in full career,
Swart chariot running o'er the hoary billows:
And ceased, even from that hour, the island plagues.
Twain only rest of all those royal spouses,
Cingorix, who deaf, oblivious now with age,
Cedes to King Peredur, his brother peer,
(Yet fresh, like one of the long-living gods,)
His monthly sovereignty: in whose day, erst was
A maintenance assigned to Britain's druids;
And public seats, where might the ingenuous youth,
Learn Sarron's discipline, lifting up men's souls,
From dust of that rude age. Oft were their schools,
Then, cowslip lawns and glades of leafy woods,
And banks of bubbling streams. Then first set bornes;
And common ways were measured of league stones.

In this king's time, erst Belges from the Main,
By German arms oppressed, sought Britain's Isle.
Those lately arrived, from a vast region,
Beyond the mighty currents of the Rhine,
Led by their god of war. And Peredur,
Divided land, to all, by equal lot.
And to that Brittany, which The Less or Erinn,
Is named, wherein stand altars of the sun,
And priests a daily-dying god adore;
Iberian stranger nation, the same year,
In wicker keels came, fugitive, from afar;
Whereof part, in waves wilderness, had perished;
Part driven were, peradventure, to those coasts;
Of whom the sons, to Britain, called the More,
Excelling all that shoot in crooked bows,
SILURES named, o'erfared in the next age.
The people of Samoth, now to nation grown,
Were in their borders, tumults. Ploughmen strive,
With ploughmen; herdfolk for hill-pastures wild:
Then kings gan threaten arms. Sith king Dunwallon
Arose, one surnamed the Just Lord; whom all
In the truce-month, Britons' assembled tribes,
Choose warden of the nation, as ere was
Sarron the Star. Before the people then
Sate down on the doom-hill, he redressed wrongs;

And in the next year, published equal laws.
But as good thing, even when at best it is,
Wont fail ; so by await of wicked men,
Was midst his days, great king Dunwallon slain.

Unto him young Belinus succeeds, his son ;
But god-like Brennus grudging, younger born,
His brother twin ; hath passed, these days, the seas,
In secret ship, unto his mother's kin :
For had Dunwallon, as in troublous time,
In a king's court been nurtured on the Main ;
And namely amongst the Sénones, Belges Gauls,
Where to the dear Corwenna, was he joined,
In his first manhood, child of Gaulish kings.
There by his uncle Correus, as became
His high estate, is Brennus entertained ;
Whose valour, gentle person, and fair speech,
Gifts of the gods, accepted are of all ;
Whence gather noble Gauls to Brennus' part.
Come summer season, he an hunting leads,
To Arden woods ; who ride with him, bear bows.
Being entered in that wold of stony hills,
First thrilled prince Brennus' shaft, a great tyned hart.
All light, to sup, now eve, then, in that place.
Sith Main and Island Gauls sleep round their fires.

When wakes them early chiddering of small birds,
They start desirous from their leafy beds,
The tuskéd swine and fierce ureox to hunt,
Follow them Britain sleuth-hounds, in wild forest.
A league those were not ridden, whenas they gleam,
In yonder hills, discern, of stranger arms;
Great-statured horsemen, under whom there run
Little rough steeds; so that the men's shanks seemed
Touch nigh the grass. An hundred on their beasts'
Bare chines sit, Almain riders, by their guise,
Such as were wont to vex, with oft inroads,
The lands of neighbour Gauls. In days of peace,
Is this most honour of their warlike youth.
Contemners of the cold, the wind and the rain;
Short pilches clothe them, broached with brazen pin,
Or thorn, at the large breast; and long rough braies.
Come mingled with them runners, fleet of foot,
And all are armed with javelins and broad shields.
Now those, which passed in hazardry have and feast,
(Casting, for dice, the huckle-bones of sheep,
Which yester they had reaved, and sith did eat,)
Much night; being risen tardy, when the sun
Already soars, whilst in cold-running stream,
Some wash them; lifting night-mist from the plain,

Their watch espy some riding of armed Gauls.
Those then, shrill-fluting in their fist, call in
Their men ; that hastily running, steeds and arms
Take : mongst whom, stern young lord, their duke,
up-spake ;
That show they should their manhood ; and what vaunts
Some, last night, made they now, by deeds, approve.
They call on Woden, god, then, as they ride,
Father-of-Victory, mighty Lord-of-Spears.
Rides Brennus only as on hunting, armed,
With bow and shafts, and bear his Gauls no shields.
Almains approach then, with hoarse chant, to augment
Whose horrid sound, like buzzing of East wind,
They press broad bucklers to their scornful lips.
To-side, some little, draws then martial Brennus ;
For slanting sunbeams in Gauls' faces smite.
Lifting his hand, few words that prince then spake ;
Though ride yond Almain bands, to warfare armed,
And more than we ; should those now make amends,
For many ancient wrongs. As they come on,
With shout, bend your stiff bows, and naming each
His god ; your levelled shafts let fly, at once.
The gods may will we fall, but not die basely.
Gauls lost from view, the Almains ride forthright ;
And would have passed that thick and cragged place ;

But at loud neighing of a Gaulish steed,
Wends the Almain duke, that sits high on white horse.
Twang then of bows! and sped, like swallows, forth,
That Gauls have sudden loost, as six score shafts!
Which ravisht of the wind, pierce men and steeds.
Shrink the enemy's troops; a bow-shot they draw off.
Not many are fallen, on Arden's leafy moss.
In glade those halt. An Almain youth returns,
Towards Gauls; whose shaven beard and his polled locks
Witness, that yet none enemy slain, he hath
But this, of stature huge; with goodly targe,
And raiment, seems some noble personage.
With thick speech, Sigfried, insolent, cries to Gauls,
Ha, Welshmen, archers of small fowl in wood,
Too vile your shafts were to drink heroes' souls!
Body to body, and durst ye now contend,
With men in the open, know that Heremod,
Aelling, (was Aella son to Sigegaar,
Which of the blood divine derives of Woden,)
This day, your duke defies to mortal fight.
We plight us, and our Almain say is sooth,
Were Heremod overcomen, to serve Gauls;
But, and he overcome, ye shall serve us.

To lead them forth, Gauls loud, impatient, shout !
But Brennus careful for his people's good,
Seeing they came not, as on warfare, armed,
Them beckons peace. Then he, the enemies' proffer,
Accepts. So turns that earl to Heremod.
Six heralds now, three Gauls, with three of Almains,
Measure there lists, in a green glade ; and fence,
With cords and hazel rods. Gauls, hunters, halt,
With spended bows. Halt Almains, with round shields,
Of linden light, before their warlike breasts.
Shine twybills in their belts ; and lean their hands,
On grounded spears. When now all ready is,
Prince Brennus, on tall steed, pricks to midspace.
Sallies duke Heremod, straight, on a white horse,
Nourished by fountain, in dim sacred grove ;
Gift of his sister, virgin prophetess,
And ensign of these Almains in their wars ;
And of whose neighing wont divine the prince.
On Brennus' bridle waits a Briton page :
Young Sigfried, with broad shield, on Heremod.
But that great-hearted, when he marks outride
Brennus, to meet him, without fence of targe ;
Bade Sigfried bear his own, wrought like the moon,
Whose circuits tin and bronze, (by hand o'erlaid,

Of Weyland, Saxon smith,) to the Welsh prince.
Heremod embraced then buckler of his squire.
Now heralds in bright helm of Heremod,
Shake battle lots : and, lo, have given the gods,
The onset and first stroke to Briton Brennus.
Then hurled the Briton prince his hunting lance :
That flaw of wind, or hand of hostile god,
Makes swerve ; for it o'erflies the stooped neck,
Of Heremod, who, lo, cometh on, with bright dart,
And bloody intent, to reave his foeman's life.
He it casts ; but midst of his own well-wrought targe,
The violent bitter head is stayed, of bronze.
Yet partly, eager to drink blood, it pierced,
Through beaten hide and brass : and razed beneath,
The hero's flesh. Trembles the javelin's heel,
As wicker wand, that whips in river's stream.
They closed together, on uprearing steeds,
Wrestles duke Heremod, with stiff mighty brawns,
Recure his weapon, pluck his foemen down.
Sits like tall cedar, rocking in fell blast,
The Briton prince; with glaive then, smote the Almain.
It glancing from bright helm of Heremod,
Rasheth hard border of his hollow targe ;
And severed sinews hath of the duke's arm.
So huge the stroke, astonished, would have fallen

Duke Heremod, from his sell, but, generous, Brennus,
By the belt, upholds him, now in his tough arms,
Him mainly heaves, on his tall Gaulish horse.
And the Almain duke, upstaied, before him bears!
Then, by the bridle, wrought with gingling rings,
A goodly broidered work, of thongs, embossed,
He caught that courser white of Heremod.
Gauls, Britons, shout to heaven, at this brave sight.
Returns, unto his part, prince Brennus thus:
When, ah, that burdened steed, whereon they ride,
Founders, pierced in the belly, from a bush.
Rose Brennus light; and gently him uprearing,
Who swoons, with his stout other arm embraced,
And shields the Almain duke! This wrong hath wrought
Carle which lies bleeding, by shaft's shot, on grass;
That trained him, hither, crippling, like to snake;
While fastened were all eyes on the dukes' fight.
Now when this fell deed saw the prince's page,
He loost two Britain hounds out from the leash.
Those leap forth baying deep; but gainst them cast,
From either hand, that earl of Heremod, dart;
For Sigfried hath, in both hands, equal force.
An hound one smote to earth; but the other shot,
Razed foot of Brennus; whence the angry Gauls,

Their threatful bows, whereon ben arrows crossed,
Gan draw up to their breasts : but noble Brennus,
Unto his Gauls and Britons, beckons peace ;
Dreading some retchless hand, might loose a shaft,
Gainst Heremod's life ; and minish his high praise.
Lay the Almain heralds, on that felon, hands ;
And spits earl Sigfried in his hilding face !
Softly then Brennus lifts, on his white steed,
Hurt Heremod : and him, lo, the prince embraced,
In his strong arms, afoot, now faring leads.
Ere silent in fierce scorn, then Almain throats
Shout, praising Brennus ! Sigfried now and heralds,
They send to knit, with martial Gauls, right hands ;
Asking they might not serve, as vanquished thralls,
But follow aye prince Brennus, in his wars.
Prince Brennus comely grants ; and quoth to Almains,
How was he put unjustly from his right,
In land, beyond sea waves, White Island Britain ;
Wherefore, in Gaul, he gathers armament :
And they, in arms, should follow him as friends.
Those further ask, to take up now, in Arden,
Their slain, to make them solemn funerals,
As custom is : which, likewise, grants prince Brennus.
Bearing seven bounden corses, on their steeds,

Almains, with Sigfried, ride : hurt Heremod leave
They, with Gaul's prince. Brennus cures Heremod's wound.
And were, of Gauls, that night their lych-fires seen,
In far-off hill, where they the bodies burn.
At dawn, the dead men's weapons those divide,
From mile to mile, for plays of running steeds,
In heaps. Who heap attains, that fee is his.
Only the ornaments of all fallen men,
Shall to their widowed households, be borne home.
Nathless none run that heat of freeborn Almains ;
Since, pierced by shafts, those died inglorious :
Wherefore, who servants, gather their bright arms.
Returned, they Heremod find refreshed, with Brennus,
And Brennus makes them feast, in the wild forest,
Of chines of the wood-boar and swans' fat roast,
Venison of light-foot roes and the dun deer.
And when they all, in wood, have supped their fill,
And drunk, instead of ale, of the clear well,
Mingled with the wild sweet of honey combs,
Almains and valorous Gauls, plighting right hands,
Swear brotherhood ; and duke Heremod with prince Brennus.
Hath each one conquered, even thus they hold,

In deeds magnanimous ; whence appeased their hearts,
They in fast friendship, will contend henceforth.
At morrow's dawn, duke Heremod, with his Almains,
Mounts homeward. He, ere long, will turn again ;
Thus made is their accord, with all who will
Partake the adventure of the prince of Britain.
They slowly march ; earl Sigfried Heremod's steed
Leads : is his uncle's son, that salvage groom.

Lo, as covenant was, this last day of the moon,
All new assembled in the wilds of Arden,
Brennus with Gauls ; and Heremod with tall Almains,
At grove which hallowed to the woody god,
(Arduina named,) is in the forest side.
Terrible of aspect, armed forth to the wars,
Behold those Almain youth, five hundred spears.
They to the plain descend, at day, with Brennus.
Who tiding sent before, where he should pass ;
Wherefore Gauls daily gather in green paths,
With steeds and arms, unto the Britain prince.
But warned of this new stir, hath prudent Correus
Tiding sent to his sister, beyond seas :
Which passed, his messengers find, the queen, Corwen,
At Troynovant, with Belin Britons' king.
King Belinus and his lords, with their armed servants,

Uprose anon. To Kent's sea, those march forth ;
From Dover port, to pass. There, gathered ships,
They hastily loose from shore. They then, next morn,
With prosperous sail, arrive in Belges' Gaul ;
Where, lo, (with Briton-cries !) out of their keels,
Descend, three thousand spears, to the fast land.
Also in a tall hoy, Corwenna embarked,
(So dreads her mother's heart,) at Troynovant.
Her ship much buffeted then, in billows, was
Two days. Next rising sun, come under Gaul,
They draw down sail ; and row inshore with oars :
Where ride already keels of Britain fashion,
And tents are seen, of Belin, pitched beyond !
Nor she waits, mother, ladder from the board ;
But leapt down, in her woman's garments, wades
The queen, in running surges, to white sand :
For, from her masthead, was, like glittering cloud,
Seen as a mighty army ; and it divines
Her mother's heart, is power of her son Brennus.
Impatient, towards King Belin's camp, she hies.
Her seemeth some nightmare which withholds, so cloys,
Her hasting feet. She runs, of all unwist ;
For look those only inward to the land ;
And hides her tall ship's mast much dunéd sand.

Even now had Belin sent his horse-folk out,
Descry that marching of armed Gauls, heard Brennus
Descends, to meet him, at the very coast;
Whence he, in arms, would overfare to Britain.
Much moved was Belin, in his tent-door, seeing
(Nor wist he she had sailed,) his mother Corwen!
His scouts, returned, bring word of nation strange,
Great-statured wights, not Gauls, that march with Brennus.
Is dread, to hear the songs of whose rude throats,
In tongue uncouth. Now they, as who rest out
This mid-day's heat, lodge yonder, on green grass,
By a flood side: which heard, issues King Belin,
With shining arms, amidst the Britons' camp;
Where, marshalled all his power, he mounts tall steed.
Then, like as falcon compasseth wide skies,
With aery skritches, when her birds she sees
Lie in some peril; so this careful queen,
In making shrill lament, anew hies forth,
All on her feeble feet. And she outrunning
Her damsels' train, and even the armed young men,
Beyond deep sand, came to that hollow stream,
Where her heart pants, as wanting living breath.
But turned to her again her weary spirits,
She wakes the further shore and slumbering men,

With her shrill shrieks, calling on her son Brennus,
Beyond that twin-banked river streaming wide.
Upstart Gauls, Almains, then, confused from sleep.
A woman cries. Son, cease from impious wars,
So shall thy brother cease: cease, my son Brennus!
And I will send to call thine uncle Correus,
That he be arbiter, betwixt your griefs.
Then all Gauls knew, it is the Britain queen.
Britons, from Belin's camp, in this, approach,
With spended bows; and clad in glittering mails,
Went down, before them, to the river's brink,
Belin, who lights from steed. The mother queen
Beckons, that all keep silence. She calls then,
Her sons to parley, each standing on his strand,
And she, in the cold tide, somewhat, descended.
That royal mother spread abroad her hands,
Twixt both hosts, cries, What wicked hap, alas!
Arms brother's hand against a brother's life?
Why trouble ye these bowels, again; my sons?
Could Britain not contain what this one womb?
Would I had carried you, till now, therein!
Were such, my sons, more tolerable case,
Than bear this heart, which swells up in my chest,
With immense grief. So saying; rent Corwen queen

Her upper weed and aged paps displaied,
Fountains, whereat both sons had sucked, at once ;
For were they twins. She, furious, beats, alas!
Her royal breast ; strait stooping, took she up
That river's ooze, and strewed her reverend hairs.
  Then, as beside her mind, in the cold tide,
Forgate her eld, she goes. On the twin brinks,
Still gazing, negligent of warlike arms ;
Stand opposed hosts. Queen Corwen shrilly cries,
If evil you, were I, O, my loved sons,
Of one . . . ! no more, (for immense dool so chokes
A mother's throat,) queen Corwen couth say forth.
Like then to heifer, whom hath stung the brese,
She headlong rushing, plasheth to mid-stream.
Where currents deep. There fail her feeble knees :
She, ah, drenching ! Lady of Britain, is borne down !
  Straight, in their ranks, uprisen, have cast strong men,
On every hand, their arms : leapt, from both brinks,
Hundred, as frogs, lo, sudden down, at once !
Then truce, in all hearts, was of enmities,
Whilst hurl they and wade ; some, like to otters,
    swim ;
That thresh, with furious force, the sliding stream.
Before them all, like scaley water-snake,
Rusheth King Belin, in a shining harness.

Brennus comes, mainly staying on stiff lance,
In his bright mails, whereon the sunbeams break;
And seems in tumult of that water's race,
As flame. But outwent all their valiant men,
Belin in shole, Brennus in hollow stream.
Each to mid-current wins. Each prince's arms,
His mother strongly uplifts and girds. They bear,
Unto small eyot, twixt them both, now her;
With comfrey and watermints and loosestrife, deckt;
And willow-herb, and hemmed with lilies white;
Whereon have timbered swans their shield-broad nest.
They her softly all-drooping set, and do outwring
Her upper weed. Each brother looked then, erst,
On brother, as looks hound on felon wolf.
She vomiting, dismaied, much water, faints!
But come again her spirits, her feeble arms
Them both constrain, in fervent long embrace,
Each to each pap: then melt their frozen hearts.
  Each germain marvels, in his secret breast,
They lately variance had, for glory base!
Then both, laid their right hands, twixt her cold palms,
Swear by All-seeing Sun, and this stream's god;
And by all-nourishing bosom of the ground;
Peace, without guile, and to abide, henceforth,
By the arbitrage of king Corrêus. Men muse viewing

Those twin strong boars weep on their mother's breast.
Whilst yet all on her gaze, and on her sons ;
And read her venerable mother-looks,
Creeps inward sweetness in their warlike hearts.
King Belin bade, proclaim, a loud-voiced herald,
Unto all then, Gauls of Britain and the Main ;
Is peace established, twixt Dunwallon's sons.
Lo, upbear the princes both, the queen Corwen,
From chilling flood, then to the Britons' bank !
There certain gentlewomen, which the seas,
With her, have passed, receiving, lead the queen,
Apart, to covert-bowering alders, where,
With fire they her recomfort and dry cloth.
Brennus takes horse, the flood again to pass.
Is cry then heard, mongst Britons, shout to arms !
For strangers issue yonder, from dark grove ;
Are Almain warmen of Duke Heremod.
Horsemen, have these, (to whom Welsh tongue uncouth,)
Ridden unperceived, the stream, above, to pass ;
And fall unwares, on Brennus' enemies' backs.
Britons stand hastily then, in ordinance,
With spended bows, ready to loose ; but Brennus,
Spurred forth, by signs, by shout, warns Heremod.
Loud, Belin cries to Britons, Hold your hands !

Each brother, twixt the hosts, his brother shields;
Each greedy give, for germain's life, his life.
Eftsoons cometh Heremod. Seven noble youths,
Lo, on his bridle wait; of whom chief is
That Sigfried earl. And help him these to light:
Nor yet his wound is whole, under his harness.
Of them all Heremod saved the lives in fight:
Wherefore they vowed their lives, to keep his life.
Belin, with ethling Heremod, joins right hands,
Whilst heralds truce proclaim; in both the tongues,
To Gauls and Almains. Those of Brennus, part,
To Belin pass. Sith lodged in neighbour camps,
At the sea side; they tarry still for Correus.
After few days, that king renowned, arrives,
With flower of Gauls and chief estates and druids.
And joys the noble king, heard this accord,
Made twixt his sister's sons; and them embraced.
They bring him on, with worship, through their camps
Where royal Correus, salute thousand throats.
Much of the welfare of the queen Corwen,
The sire asks of her sons, as they forthride.
Corwenna's tent, stretcht yonder, on a dune,
Lo, stands apart; who issues is the queen!
Nor yet discerns she, is Correus to her rides.
Hath each not seen, since when, in their first youth,

They playferes were, in Moel's court, their sire,
The other's face. And what day led Dunwallon,
Briton, her virgin bride, who noble was,
And valorous most, mongst princes which her sought;
She, maiden, goddess, seemed in beauty and grace,
(Now old are both;) and tamer of fierce steeds,
Was comely, as a god, young Correus.
Once more, he lights before her, from war-steed.
The same fresh looks, now rugged-browed and hoary!
Once more, their lips together meet and kiss.
And whilst they gaze, with infinite affect,
One upon other; each gan, as whilere,
The other's infant-name to murmur dear.
Long, hand, those germains stand, in hand, as when,
With linkéd palms, they gathered flowers, in fere,
In the spring mead: and Corwen smiles and weeps.
Sith her two sons, to Correus, she commends.
But when again, with Correus, as behoves,
The princes mount, to Council-tent, to ride;
Them bids return to sup the queen Corwen ·
And bring, friend of her sons, duke Heremod.
Three days, in fellowship, dwell then forth and feast,
Almains and Gauls; and who are come with Correus.
The fourth morn, keel arrives, from Island Britain,

With embassage. Lo, who mount, much people suing,
From wide sea-strand, be messengers, public heralds.
Those led before the kings, done reverence,
With solemn cheer, make declaration thus :
Lords gathered, this moot-month, to Cantion cliff,
Two days, at the truce hill, held parliament ;
Whereafter, reason heard of all would speak,
They caused it be proclaimed and published thus :
Deceased Dunwallon, chosen of the gods,
All lordships should revert to former state.
And, for now war Dunwallon's sons abroad,
And threaten bring in Britain foreign harms ;
Be banned those princes from the Isle, henceforth.
All lords, of common read then and accord,
Did swear, on burning altars of the gods,
This to maintain, with all their armèd powers.
Fierce ire flames in the germain princes' hearts ;
And kindles, even in breast of prudent Correus,
Disdain : loud clamour Gauls ; shout Heremod's Almains !
And drawn that mingled host out thousand glaives,
And shaking spears, would in their furious mood,
Straight ship for Britain : but, sith, pious voice
Prevails of Corwen, widow of Dunwallon.
She, mongst the princes, counsels, mother queen ;

They send enquire of certain oracle,
Which not far off, on this sea-coast, of name.
Horsemen of Correus leap anon to steeds,
As birds in flight. And they already, at eve,
Before an isle, lies nigh to land, arrive;
Whereto durst none, but he bear in his hand,
With devout heart, some sacred gift, approach:
Which cast to waves, he long, loud, shouts from strand!
But sea-gods, the same night, whence lately set
The sun, unchained so great tempestuous blast;
That broken were, in rage of storm, the most,
Not drawn up, on the shore, of Brennus' ships.
Dunwallon's sons see their repair cut off;
And darkened, on the morrow, were their looks,
Which sit, in council, with king Correus.
Returned Corwenna's messengers, those record,
They heard a sea-god's voice, from billows, roaring,
Should brothers strive, within their mother's womb?
Dark saying; and which might, yet, no tongue unfold:
Till quoth the queen, perceiving the hid sense;
Should not their Foster Land her sons invade.
New ferment grows: loud Main and Island Gauls
Call on their captains, lead them to far wars!
Now fortuned, this year, came to court of Correus,

Where Brennus sojourned, men, outlandish wights,
Being merchants lading foreign wares on mules,
Which strangers were of speech and hew and fashion.
And lately those had overpassed vast Alps.
Brennus had, oft time, through interpreters,
Heard them the penury of Gaul's soil reproach;
Boasting in theirs more rich and happier life,
Where men a mingled juice, blood of the earth,
Wont drink, which gift is of the blesséd gods.
Low-statured men, those did, and of loose life,
Defraud the people, in their merchandise.
He smally accounts their valour in the wars.
Whence whispered had prince Brennus, in men's ears,
Might not he Britain win; that soil of theirs,
Called Summer Land, he would attempt in arms.
New spirit invades, of warfare, all men's hearts,
They think it long, till they the sons of Corwen,
Follow with blowing war-horns. Prudent Correus
Permits, to his young men, that enterprise.
And ready is Heremod, duke, to march with Brennus.
Him pricks forth noble impotent desire,
Of glory, and after death high-mounded tomb,
Guerdon of great war-deeds and deathless song.
Their moot-place, Correus sets, in forest Arden.
To gather greater power, wends Heremod home.

The Briton princes bring him on his journey.
Three ravens flying, lo, then, from dark grove,
Great flock of skritching daws before them drive;
And fell their bloody beaks many, to ground.
One of those ravens also wounded is.
Much did dispute thereof then augurers;
And more, when this sun set, and now they lodge,
Under thick boughs; and supper being dight,
On the three princes' heads, were seen to rest
As flickering flames; which read divining druids,
Unto each, portend great glory, in time to come.
Sith Corwen widow-queen; and royal Correus,
Part from each other; but with presage sad,
They should again not meet. He to Lutece[1]
Rides forth, his royal city; and her white sails
Soon lifted to the wind, lo, under land!
To governance of Dunwallon's royal house,
(Wherein she daughters left,) this noble queen
Repairs again, by ship, to island Britain.
Wide springs, in Belges' Gaul, that name of Brennus!
Youth rise up, which would prove their warlike worth,
In all Gauls' Sénones' marches, from their hearths.
Soon full of armed men marching, are all paths.

[1] Now Paris.

Now, at the appointed time, to Arden forest,
Approach, lo, warlike thousands of the Gauls.
Careless of idle words of banishment,
Come from Isle Britain, triple bands of horse,
Called the *trimarch*.[1] But Almain Heremod
Not yet arrives. Pass the meanwhile, in Arden,
Britons and Gauls, in martial exercises ;
And kindle battle chants of bards their hearts.
But Corwen, sick, these days, might not return,
To Gaul, to take farewell of her loved sons.
She harness sends them, shields and glaives and helms,
Of all the best, which hanged had on the walls,
Or deckt high roof-tree, of Dunwallon's hall,
With loving message. She them both commends,
To Gauls' and Britons' gods, with daily breath.
Moreover, she sends their father's silver cup,
The lip of gold ; Govannon's[2] divine work,
Whence might they pour libations to the gods ;
And make them merry, in land of enemies.
To Heremod, Corwen sends, (whom, with her sons,
She numbers,) targe, whereon, for nombril, formed,
Which might sustain his life, a mother's breast.
Now in midst of the third month, as forward was,
Nighs to Gauls' camps, in Arden, Heremod,

[1] *Tri*, three ; *march*, horse.

[2] Govannon, divine smith.

With power of Almains; such as, ere, not seen,
In warlike Gaul. Him stayed uncertain omens;
And swelled against them currents of the Rhine:
Wherefore had Almains marched about to place,
Where they his giddy flood might safely pass;
Casting in pious Heremod a white steed,
Their sacrifice, unto that river's god.
In Aella's marches, king of seven tribes,
Duke chosen was lately ethling Heremod,
Namely of that year's outfaring Saxon youth:
Whence he, to the great warfare now of Brennus,
Leads army of foot, twelve thousand and light horse.
Gauls hail, then, with loud throats, their Almain guests;
As they, in the green wood, pass by to lodge.
Kills hundred beves, at even, royal Correus,
And without number sheep. Then called are Almains,
To meat; and soon those sit, by hundred hearths,
Mingled with warlike Gauls; and drink the best,
And merry make. Chant, lacking common speech,
Then, Gauls and Almains loud hymns of their gods.
Sith risen, some wrestle; other vie, in dance,
Other in race. Not seld leaps, mongst sharp swords,
His mastery for to show, some naked Almain.
Gauls beckon them to drink. And bards endite
Their measures sweet, at the lords' evening fires.

When springs new morrow's sacred light, king Correus,
Amongst the princes, offers sacrifices;
And priests look in the bowels. Then they declare,
Will of the gods, the mingled hosts remove.
Returned, the dukes, in haste, mount their war-steeds;
And put the army in ordinance to march.
With Gauls, in every troop, fare mingled Almains.

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Loud blasts of warhorns rouse men's panting hearts!
With shrilling merry note of hundred pipes,
The hosts fare forth. And quakes the foster earth,
Neath thick tread of warfaring multitude.
Riding apart, the forward hold the dukes:
Each to be known, both by his goodly steed,
His garments sheen and noble personage.
Three men, with them, be seen, of stranger nation;
Whose foreheads girt with guirlands of field flowers,
To horse; but bounden backward be their hands:
Ausonians those, which from far Summer Land,
Came to king Correus. Now they captives ride;
And should those be the Gauls' interpreters.
But forasmuch as were in Gaul, all strangers
Accounted guests, much doubted noble Correus
Attach the men, though many them accused;

Till, in a drunken fray, those Tuscans slew
Some of his Gauls; then he them judged to bonds.
Nathless the princes, freedom both and gold
Them promise; and those well in their war-voyage,
Them serve. With the forthfaring army, outride
King Correus, lo, and Sénones lords. But risen,
When fourth sun is in heaven, the Belges' king,
With father's hands, on those three princes' heads,
Did warlike morions of hard bronze impose,
Labour of cunning smith; is each helm's crest
A raven and a star. Sith Correus kissed
His sister's sons; and takes, in both of his,
Their valiant hands and Almain Heremod's.
So wisheth them, that fare to war, godspeed.

This mighty host, through Belges Gaul, descends,
From camp to camp. But when the winter gods,
Now rain incessantly, upon earth's large face,
The armies halt, under wide-sheltering woods;
Where build the Gauls them bowers, for many a league.

Ride the three princes thence, before the hosts,
Forth; and to river dune, of the Sun's face,
(Lug's-town,[1]) arrive; where altars of that god,
Twixt meeting of great Rhone and Sargon floods.
Those royal germains, with duke Heremod,

[1] Now Lyons.

There, after the day's sun, do vigil keep;
Slumbering on fleeces of their sacrifices.
The princes, of the sun-god, would enquire,
Concerning their great warlike enterprise:
Whose wont is answer in prophetic vision.

They leave, without the holy precinct, there,
Shields, hauberks, brazen helms and shining arms.
Those captives also, which they hither led,
They therein now have loosed. Sith offering made
Three wethers; when they of the victim's flesh,
Have supped, the princes laid them down to rest;
Expecting should rise on their dreaming sense,
Some heavenly vision of the time to come.

But soon those captives, whispering in the dark,
From temple brake; and they, even where most swift
Run eddies deep, in the cold waves of Rhone;
On Gauls, invoking dreadful curse, all leap
Did down, from cliff; and drench for country's health!
Lifting his head, smooth-streaming Sargon rose;
Then, with great tumult, headlong Rhodanus:
And soon their whirling floods that field invade;
Yet raught not the degrees, where the dukes sleep,
Before the altar of their sacrifices.

Now is the hour, when deepest sound the streams,
Before the dawn; and sleep weighs on men's sense.

Unto each alike then of her dreaming sons.
Corwenna, in heavenly radiance, lo, appears!
Full pale she is; and spake, even now, from earth,
I passed and borne is, towards the stars, my spirit;
But love to you me, yet, detains a moment.
For nothing, be, my sons, dismaied, the heavens
Favour your arms. You, conquerors from far wars,
Shall bring again, Gaul's high safe-guarding gods.
Ah! I may not you embosom, in these arms,
Once more! so sadly faded she. Each starts,
From sleep; each, to the other, tells his vision.
Each germain takes his brother's hands, and weeps.

Flock to Lug's dune, Gaul's Southern tribes, in arms;
Come, with much foot, in; companies, lo, of horse,
To join them to tall Śénones of the North,
Whose army already arrives. Yet certain days,
The princes mourn, by Rhone, their mother dead.
Polled his long yellow locks, duke Heremod;
And, Britons, three days, taste no cookéd food.
Come the sixth dawn, loud-sounding iron-throat war-horns,
The three kings' hosts remove, with a vast noise.
Wayfaring thence, they march, a month of days:

Till by lake Atax, nigh to blue sea waves,
Arrived; the Gauls and Heremod pitch: and loose
To pasture, forth, their lean wayfaren beasts.
  Whilst thus they tarry, out of Aquitaine,
With gore-stained rusty garments rent, come men;
Which plain them of a crude Iberian nation,
Have burned their fields, and people slain with sword.
Like angry bees, the army of Sénones' Gauls
Loud murmurs: tumult then is in their camps.
A fury upon them breathe avenging gods;
So that Gauls, risen from meat, smite shields and shout.
Nor more them might refrain their dukes: they march,
By the moon's lamp; and Gauls, vast woody mount,
Blue Pyrene, see, at dawn, with snowy crest.
But sickness feigns king Belin, in Gauls' camps,
In the next days; and to dig many graves:
Sith, semblant makes of flight, The king's mind is,
From yond hill-forts, entice his enemies.
  Sith Brennus, taking part of his light horse,
Departs, by covert night, with Heremod.
By day, they shroud them, in some thicket place.
They steal thus forth: their guides, the third night, lead,
By pools, by quaking moors and alders rough,

Where startle fowl before them, with shrill cries:
And sith, by whispeling canes, much sand and rocks;
Where mighty Pyrene stoops to blue sea waves,
His cragged knees, with much ado, they passed.
Now, this same night, as covenanted was,
Belin made semblant of a burning camp.
Iberians, greedy as hawks, descend in haste,
To ravin, from hill-strengths. But ambush laid
Dunwallon's son, in thicket-valley's paths,
Where the enemies running, headlong, with loud cries,
In glittering harness, swart-skinned multitude;
With sudden sleet of darts, Gauls on them rise.
Then long, in vain, the mountain nation fight;
Gainst Gauls as oaks, till few remain alive.
Their scouts above, which look down from hill paths,
Discern, that burn their fields, left without ward,
Beneath, in wide South March. There Brennus drives
Innumerable prey of great horn-beasts,
And bleating flocks. Ere noon, he measures camp,
By summer brook, two steepy meads divides.
With walls, those cattle then, of dry-heaped stones,
They close: and would they wait there the main army,
Which nighing now with Belin. Each king hath;
Through Britain war-hounds, taught to run by night,

And turn upon the sleuth, from host to host,
Tidings, in these days, of each other's speed :
Being tokens limned and bound on the hounds' necks
With images of war, in birchen rind,
Camps, battles, and who hurt known by their crests ;
Preys, burning steads, with days shown of the moon :
And he who sends, by like sign, is made known.
In this wise, word is now received, from Brennus,
The next day early, should that king arrive.
  But this night bold Asturians, Cantabers,
Ansigones, assail that wall of Brennus.
Led by voice of their own penned beasts, they creep,
Unshod, o'er rampire of now slumbering Gauls ;
And javelins cast, and bitter sleet of shafts,
They shoot, in what part, lodged, sleep valorous
    Almains.
Those leapt up, from armed slumber, at the fires ;
And rushing, now in gloom, with long iron swords,
And twybills, slay forth their first enemies.
Shines out the covert moon, when fierce Iberians,
Now yelling throngs, the cattle-camps invade !
Defends King Brennus, with his flower of Britons,
And Gauls ; which bucklers joined above their head
Them shelter make, from hail of sharp sling stones.
  Loud shout the dukes. Resounds the lofty night,

With smitten shields, and cries of mortal wights.
Brunt upon brunt, and new and new alarms :
Now Brennus; now, uneath, stout Heremod,
The poise of war sustain. Like sudden wind,
In that, come scour to them of Britain warhounds ;
Whereby they know, that Belin's army approach.
Hark a far-sounding of iron-throated warhorns !
Amazed, the battle press of enemies,
Convert their warlike face. Gauls, whom leads Belin,
Have fired yond harvest fields. Before them, goes
Red flame, as billows wide, in wild night wind.
Of feeble corn stalks, is that fearful light ;
Whereby yet-shimmering night of stars, is quenched.
Day springs : like to swift storm, comes the *trimarch* !
With levelled spears, they smite a confused press.
Then shrink, twixt double army of the Gauls,
Iberians. And when now the dawn unfolds,
Is seen that hostile nation of the hills,
Well-nigh consumed ; strewn with their carcases,
Strange blackened field and trampled shields and arms !
Being thus the Aquitanian Gauls avenged ;
In the next days, divide the island kings,
To them much cattle, and more, to store their farms,
Than ere had crude Iberians from them reaved.

Yet whilst Gauls rest in camps, to cure their wounds,
Marched forth duke Heremod, with light armed and horse;
Which harry and burn, even to far sea's wide coast.
Tiding of good success, Dunwallon's sons
Send to their uncle, royal Correus.
Then Gauls, Spain's plenteous conquered glebe possess;
With cattle and corn and captives of these wars.
Sith autumn come, they eat, to them unwont,
The clustered grapes, which gather in their thralls;
That stive, in mighty fats, and tread the must.
Was then, when those see drunken their new lords,
In their own fields, with new wine; they conspire,
Rise in one night, to kill all Gauls and Almains!
Of whom being some forewarned, of their wife-thralls,
(Which they, not few, have wedded since the war;)
Made angry Gauls sheep-slaughter of their servants:
And everywhere is fear, and watch in arms;
Till time when the sweet Spring renews the year.
Then first those spouses, travailling, unto Gauls,
Bring forth Iberian sons; and founded is,
In this far soil, new Nation of mixed blood.

BOOK II

ARGUMENT

Belinus succeeds unto the kingdom of his uncle Correus, in Sénones' Gaul.

Brennus journeys, with his oath-fast brother, Heremod, to forest Almaigne. An inroad of Finns. Brennus, sojourning, that winter, there; weds FRIDIA, sister to ethling Heremod, virgin prophetess.

Come spring season, the great mingled armies of Brennus, and of Heremod, pass the high Alps.

BOOK II

But heard that new supply of warlike youth
Gathers, from parts of Gaul, to fords of Rhone,
Belin returns with ethling Heremod.
And being to Lugdunum now arrived,
Belin finds messengers, wearing mourning gowns,
From Sens, (which also Agendicum is named,)
Which him await. They tell, rejoiced King Correus,
What time he heard his nephews' great conquest;
And made, three days, with all his lords, high feast.
But twixt that joy, and sorrow for the death
Of his loved sister, Corwen, Lady of Britain,
A fever took him. And not many days,
Tarried had Sénones king. The dying sire
Bequeathed the kingdom, to his nephew Belin.
Of all then Belges' tribes, the chief estates;
Being come, at Rhone, to Belinus; him, of grace,
They pray, return with them, to rule their nation.
Belin ten thousand then, this year's armed youth,
(Which here they find,) commits to Heremod,
His Almain brother, lead to Spain and Brennus;
That he, to further Gaul, himself mote ride;

So takes farewell. Sith Heremod, passed o'er Rhone,
Leading those young men's bands, in warlike arms.
They, after many marches; now arrived,
Being, to sea-borders and long cragged coast,
Some kins, there dwelling, of Ligurian nation,
Trouble his journeys. When, to parley, invites
Them Heremod; those, through their interpreters,
Him ask, they might partake in Brennus' wars.

When three years, Brennus, Spain's wide conquered glebe,
Has ruled, long homeward many Gauls and Almains.
Then Heremod's heart is straitened in his breast,
Till he see Aella's garth, in forest Almaigne.
Will Brennus with his brother Heremod ride.
And cause is, Brennus, more than his own life,
Beholding, in oft telling of the duke,
Her blissful image, as in crystal glass,
Loves Heremod's sister, maiden prophetess.
They taking order, erst, for Spain subdued,
It part in three: and o'er each Riding set
A Briton, Gaul and Almain magistrate.
With these, the people chose three hundred men,
Elders, to sit in sacred oaken grove.
Stablished these things, part Heremod and king Brennus.

To meet the dukes, come out of Aquitaine,
Much folk, with mead and slaughter-beasts and corn :
And chaplet-crowned, all dance, with merry note.
Sith, towards the seven-starred plough, Gauls, Almains, march,
Yet many days ; till them again receive,
With public joy, Gauls Sénones ; o'er whom rules
Now, after Correus, Briton Belinus.
Belin, with Gaul's great lords, from Sens, outrides,
His brother to embrace and Heremod.
Last at Sens' royal court, lo, all arrive.
They, with King Belinus, then a month, in feast,
Dwell. Drawing now those days, in Gaul, to end ;
Clad in white lawn, comes to Dunwallon's sons,
From Island Britain, solemn embassage :
And they declare, being in their sacred month,
The tribes assembled to moot-hill, in Kent ;
The Kings that former ban, with public shout,
Repealed : So only shall Dunwallon's sons,
Not turn, victorious princes, home, in arms.
On swift steeds, part then Heremod forth and Brennus.
They come, in few armed journeys, down to Rhine,
Behold that mighty river flagged with frost.
Sore now the cold ; and o'er his marble streams,

As on a bridge, those Almains, dryfoot, pass;
To where, like silver fretwork, shines much forest.
But dwellers, which beyond Rhine's bordering flood;
When they see Briton Gauls with Brennus, pass;
Blowing their horns, together leap to arms;
Till ethling Heremod, in their speech, them hails.
Then shout hoarse throats, Well-comen home from wars!
Victorious high-born dukes: they, to their garths,
Them lead and slaughter sheep and larded swine.
And Woden! all they chant, and pour out fats
Of mighty ale: and welcome! still they shout.
Then messengers running forth, through fen and wood,
In all that mark, cry, Heremod is come home!
Now to the river Lippé the dukes ride;
Beyond which lies the mark of royal Aella.
He by forerunners, heard his son's approach,
Uprose; and fares, with train of freeborn men,
To meet the ethling, glorious Heremod.
Heremod, now passed that river, paved with ice,
Spread forth his pious hands, gives his gods thanks!
Soon voice of his own people, through thick woods,
He hears; with yonder many an answering shout,
Of them that come, with rushing teams and sleds.
And those now halt, some little from that place.

Where they will Heremod wait, at a path's head.
See, like to guileful hunter, the ethling creeps,
From stem to stem ! the hero nighs, unseen,
Where had he marked to sit his father Aella,
Beside a great, new-kindled fire of pine ;
Among his elders, witan and armed men.
He, eftsoons, stands, before his hoar-head sire :
And Heremod kisseth him, upon both his cheeks !
Would Aella rise, but fail his aged knees,
His son embrace ; seeing, by help of Woden,
The duke, from so great foreign wars, come home.
Beholds then Brennus, comely as a god,
The Gaulish prince, that fought with Heremod :
And welcomes him the sire, with rugged hand.
Now early at afternoon, they sit at meat.
Almains and Britons, under snowy woods.
But sith uprisen, the ethling Heremod,
Impatient, all this shining night, will ride,
To embrace his mother dear and sister Fridia.
Lo, Brennus follows with him ; and light sleds,
They mount, which draw forth little-statured steeds.
Their path now sounding Lippé's stony ice,
Where howling wolves they hear, the steeds of Woden,[1]
Omen of battles, in dark forest side.

[1] Wolves draw the chariot of that god.

And now springs the late dawn; sun's glistering beams
Clipping the hoary boughs, like golden hairs.
Then wont, in each third year, of Almains, was
Burned their old garths, forsake the village steads;
And timber other new, in forest mark.
Wherefore now Heremod, from the river's brink,
As he, enquired had, beforehand, his steeds
Guides, where they wainpath find. Before them then,
Clear large-hewn bay, midst forest pines, is seen;
Wherein, compiled of beams, stands foursquare garth,
Deckt with much snow, whence silent, a blue reek,
Gainst winter hills, ascends, of early hearths.
The royal hall stands yonder, in wide court,
And Aella's bowers; known by this boar's head token,
Lo, on the gate-posts, graven, of the earth goddess.
Upholding warlike Heremod there, his steeds,
Gazing, long blissful moment, feeds his spirit,
With this glad sight, and shows his brother Brennus.
And, in that, opened is the gable porch.
And like to day-star, Fridia looks, the bright,
Clad in white stole forth, sacred prophetess.
She seems some blissful vision, with white hand,
Shadowing her eyelids, gainst sun's garish beams;
Expecting see her brother now approach.

She Heremod sees; and heard her blissful crying,
Issues her mother royal Hildegond!
Down leaps the hero, arrived, in sounding harness:
And soon his mother's arms, duke Heremod strain,
In long embrace, to love-long-hungered breast!
And oft he kisseth her venerable face;
And melts his mighty heart: and Fridia, sith,
His sister dear, that maiden bright, he kissed.
Then all bring in, with worship, noble Brennus,
Through the fore-room, into King Aella's hall,
That smells of sweet-strewn sprays of fir-tree green,
And pants the royal Briton's heart, for her,
Whom he esteems far to excel in feature,
All womankind. And when they sit, and drink
Of that ale-horn, which, daughter of the house,
As custom is, bears Fridia to king's guests;
And when him Heremod, brother! names aloud.
And when now her chaste lips, their Almains' wont,
To press, he feels, to open, on his front,
Her white hand then the hero, trembling, kissed.
Fridia their coming, through divine insight,
Foreknew; and o'ernight all things ready made;
And chaldrons set on for them, at the hearth.
Wherefore the heroes, having soon then washt,
From dust and sweat of the long way, now sit

Down both, at board, in garments new and clean :
And bids her son and guest the Almain queen,
After long voyage, they comfort them with food.
Come children in then of that royal house ;
(Were some unborn when fared forth Heremod !)
And joying, to the ethling's knees, they played.
From her high settle, fretted all the boards,
With carvéd work, descended Hildegond :
She coffer opens of sweet-smelling pine,
O'erlaid with bronze, bordered with runes ; wherein,
High antique gest of Woden, graved, is seen ;
When of giant Suptung's daughter, (whom beguiled,
The one-eyed god,) he won that dearworth mead.
Thence she outtakes two precious broidered saies,
With royal ermine, dight and needle-work ;
So puts on Heremod's neck and Briton Brennus.
And yet she a little grimly looked, on Brennus !
Was not this he, with whom her son did fight ?
When, after meat, they sit, and drink warm mead,
Duke Heremod tells of many adventures strange,
Which in Hesperian wars ; and that revolt,
When bondsmen rose in days of the new wine,
How pants the mother's heart of Hildegond !
And golden-haired bright Fridia listens, pale.
He tells how, in some stronghold, with few spears,

Him slumbering, heaped Iberians round, unwares,
Much oil-tree wood, and halm of the new corn,
Which kindled, they were like, in their first sleep,
In bitter reek and crackling flames, to perish.
Then cry of Britons, noise of rushing chariots!
Thrust Brennus in, through withering flames and smoke,
(That treachery had revealed, Iberian wife,
Of one of his.) In valour all contending,
Britons brake soon that burning hold, wherein,
As blind, they grope, to save forth smothered Almains.
Him bare, scorched by wild flames, out noble Brennus,
To the air, in his tough arms. Sith saved his men,
The prince's hardy Britons. Heremod then,
Tells how in battle-night, under the Pyrene,
Went, like to reaper, through the foes, prince Brennus,
Leaving wide swathe of bloody carcases.
Nigh whom, he Heremod, tempting to make head,
His warriors, which had foughten the long night,
Were borne aback. Then did his own feet slide,
In gore; and stumbling, he was overrun,
By great onrushing weight of enemies;
And in that murk, down-trodden with the slain.
Nor might break through Iberians, his few Almains,

To save his body : but from mouth to mouth,
Being heard their cry soon of his brother Brennus ;
He, left pursuing, straight resistless waded,
Through thickest press, in the uncertain gloom,
(Like forest bull which tramples men and hounds,)
Of enemies : so rushed on the prince, and saved
Him Heremod ; and from Brennus' whirling brand,
Began Iberians' flight and overthrow.

Sits Brennus prince, as one who knows not yet,
Their speeches' sense ; and on the hearthstone stares.
Came in then, man, which can the tongue of Gauls,
Bordering his people's mark the flood of Rhine.
Interprets this ; and by his mouth, prince Brennus
Recounts, how he the ethling Heremod risen,
Found, on his knees ; and thus he still contended,
Like sullen rock, gainst surging enemies.
And, yet, though all now broken was his shield ;
And many were his hurts, he, with great strokes,
Did them affray, and with his dreadful looks.

Sith foot to foot, together, they fought forth,
Morion to morion, presséd shield to shield ;
And gods renewed their strength. In that, quoth Brennus,
Fainted his arm, his shoulder had gored shaft.
Then Heremod on Iberians, like wild bull,

Running, them hurled, that not sustained his force,
Aback, and thence returned in the dim night,
Protending the immense hollow of his targe,
He cut the bitter fork-head from his flesh,
And staunched the blood, under his mailéd harness.
Thus then the heroes spake their noble hearts.
Rose Hildegond, encumbered her blue eyes,
Of acrid mist, which in her nosthrils, pricks;
And son she calls, with Heremod, Briton Brennus.
She took the red wreathed gold, from off her neck,
Pound-weight; and dight the Britain prince, therewith.
Fridia, being likewise moved of the Earth-goddess;
Though flush the maiden blood up in her cheeks,
Of many golden spires, lo, her bright bracelet,
Undoeth; and on the strong forearm of Brennus,
It knits: thrice-happy Brennus! Heremod sith,
Of Corwen, peerless mother of the prince,
Tells forth: and though deceased, Fridia discerns
Her form divine, in her prophetic vision;
And sees her face and personage in Prince Brennus!
His mother hearing named, the heart of Brennus
Leapt: then, with such few words, as he might frame,
Of halting Almain speech, but sounding sweet,
Upon his Gaulish tongue, two precious rings,
(Of virtue holden, to preserve from harms,)

Were of his mother dear ; (which out of Britain,
After her death, he had received,) from purse,
Of Spain, takes forth. And that one doth prince Brennus,
On venerable hand of Hildegond :
This other shining bright, with a clear stone ;
Under the sacred looking of her eyes,
On the white priestess hand of lovéd Fridia.
Then erst he durst consider, and behold,
Her looks ; whom he, as banquet of the gods,
Desires to spouse. Is such her heavenly feature,
In maiden kind, as noble Heremod,
Her rud as apple blossoms, vermeil-white,
Her locks, long broidered in a virgin tress,
Like sunny rays ; and like to song, at dawn,
Him seems, of the small birds in foster Britain ;
Which doth unearth his soul, her heavenly voice!
Her eyes are holy wells of arcane love.
And much yet Heremod tells, of Gaul so wide ;
And things, which he hath heard, of Island Britain,
Land full of men and steeds and battle chariots.
So brought forth, from that ark, queen Hildegond,
And shows to Brennus, of child Heremod,
The plaything-arms, his javelins, bow and shafts :
And murmurs ; he, in all, excelled his peers !

Now eve; and turns king Aella home to house,
With his high kindred and great train of guests,
All freeborn men, that salute Heremod;
Till, in those wooden halls, is no more room.
Men sit without, on green sweet sprays of pine,
In Aella's garth; where kindled be long fires:
And maidens serve them of the royal house,
In silver-lipped deep horns of the wild ox,
To drink, of the hot ale, at many hearths.
All sit, with spear and shield, the Almains armed,
As is their guise, far forth into the night;
Drinking, long-haired, great-limbed men, of high looks.
But the ethling, when to him seemed good, arose.
Hushed then was this folkmote and parliament;
And turned to him is many an hardy face!

Heremod, with manly countenance and stern voice,
That great conquest records of Spain far off;
Wherein in brotherhood fought both Gauls and Almains.
All loud applaud; and crash, to shields, their arms!
For seemed to speak a god, by Heremod's mouth.
But uprose some old wight of crabbéd looks;
And blood, with comfortless fell brows, requires
His huskéd voice; for that was slain, by shaft,
Of ambushed Gauls his son, in Arden forest.

He said ; and suddenly a dart poised, and cast,
It, midst this parliament, gainst the Gauls' king Brennus
Lynx-like, leapt Heremod ; and he his broad targe,
Thwarting, repressed the weapon impotent.
Laid the ethling, on his broad manslaying sword,
Then warlike hand ; and terribly Heremod cries,
That madman seize, doth outrage to king's guests,
Against the reverence of this royal house !
Almains, which fell in Gaul, were few ; and Brennus,
His brother, many more saved in the wars.
Gainst him first, Heremod, who would make, for this,
Pursuit, must fight ; and sith gainst all his warriors,
Which turn from thence. Upon himself, he takes,
To quit, of Spain's great booty, all bloodwite.
Men signify, to the duke's speech, assent ;
With loud and long applause, as one great voice.
King Aella charged, them, who that felon sit,
Next, break his arms ; and hurl him from the gate.
The king bade further, poll his beard and locks :
That every wight, who meets him in the path,
Him *Nithing* call, one who, though stepped in years,
Nor wisdom learned, nor reverence towards the gods.
That armed folk risen, take all their warlike hands,
The hand, and touch the sword of Heremod.
And sith the noble guest they hail, great Brennus.

So all these lodge, till morrow's day, and rest.
The sun uprising, to the winter hearths,
Bring bondsmen, from their bakehouse, in, new loaves;
And roast, great plenty, and seethed boar and sheep's flesh.
Men eat their fills, and pour out to the gods;
And drink of the hot ale, till noon; when called
A noble maker ethling Heremod,
Leofwin, who now from wars returned of Brennus;
One wont, in halls of heroes, the high deeds
Chant of the wordwise god, the Lord-of-spears.
Leofwin, upstanding, sings that great conquest
Of the three dukes; and praise of Briton Brennus.
How wait upon the turning of each verse,
To take up the refrain, hoarse Almain throats!
As seemeth were tempest roaring in thick woods.
He sings then the gods' wars, birth of the earth,
And glorious deeds of Aella's divine sires:
That dwell in starry house, after their deaths.
Then, come, to hearth, where king and witan sit,
In their high stools; and Heremod with prince Brennus,
Men, thralls; which show that that old wight deceased,
Which from the assembly, yesternight, was cast.
Shamed, spoiled of arms, he would no more to house;

But went by way up of the forest lake,
Whereo'er hangs giddy darksome precipice.
There, reached forth his two hands, he leapt to Woden!
And they have drawn now out, with quonts and hooks,
From under sharded ice, his frozen corse.
King Aella grants, they lay him in a mound;
As sacred unto Woden, in his death.
Yet sit the Almains that day out, in feast;
And songs hear of far wars, in Spain, which made
The ethling Heremod and great Briton Brennus.
They sup; and sith men of their kindred ask,
In far South Land, of them which are come home.
Heremod, hark, answers, Well, and please high gods!
But many went home to the Hall-of-spears.
So bids each one, which turned with him, make known
Their fallen friends, and neighbours, by their names.
At Aella's royal garth, begins then wailing,
Of women: which, three days, through all Lippe's mark,
Shall sound. With firebrands, groaning multitude,
Gin wend then, to grave-ales, by forest paths;
Where the moonshine, behowl, the steeds of Woden.
Thenceforth with Aella and with Hildegond,
And with his oathfast brother, Heremod, dwells,
The noble Briton prince in forest Almaigne:

And the two happy eyes see, daily, of Brennus,
Her, for whose dear sake, he content to learn
Is Almains' tongue. Short now these winter days;
Them pass the dukes, in woodland wild, to hunt,
Brennus and Heremod chace, with bow and shafts,
The flying hart; or, roused in the rough brakes,
Slay wood-boars their sharp darts, and the ureox,
In thickest wold, most dreadful of all beasts,
Seen the man-hating fury of his red eyes;
And from his nosethrils fire and smoke breathe forth;
And yet, with Britain hounds, them kill, the dukes,
Hurling iron javelins. Are their gold-lipped horns,
For drinking-cups of heroes, in king's halls.
In snow-time, running upon long foot-skids,
Of supple boards, the palm-tyned mighty elk,
They course; or bear unharbour, in deep forest.
Thus joyous time they pass, till winter feast:
Thus, daily, breathe them, making war on beasts.
And well is loved of all, that Gaulish prince:
None gainsay Brennus, and none bear him envy.
Come yule-tide, all by day, they sit at feast;
And Brennus, with the king, at tables, plays.
Then strangers enter, which, o'er the white snow,
Running on skids, did now, at Aella's garth,
Arrive. Powdered with frost, and stiff their joints,

All weary, come those in, clad in beasts' pelts,
From the fore-room. Standing before king Aella,
Done off their hoods, uncover, reverent,
The men. In the guest-place, then, they sit down,
Silent. Bond-maidens set before them, soon,
The royal hospitable board, whereon
Is brawn of swine and venison of wild wood,
And barley cakes and ale. Whilst all gaze on,
Those eat and drink ; but yet no word they spake.
And sith, wherein of men of neighbour mark,
Their speech is couth ; those say, how swarming Finns,
Came in long yawls, with warlike Esterlings,
To shore ; which have the Chaucan people slain.
And they beseech king Aella, of his young men,
To send some hasty aid. The comely king,
Hoar-browed, like Woden, father of his folk,
Consents, with nod. Bright Fridia, horn of mead,
Bears to those guests ; and gives them, Heremod,
His warlike hand. He, ethling, risen, sends men,
Then, kindle warflames on their frozen hills.
Those seen ! before the winter's sun, arrive
Six score, behold, armed youth, to Aella's garth ;
Warriors, till noon flock in. Five hundred spears,
Lo, ready, then, to march, with Heremod.

Duke Heremod, when sun's mid height passed; and
Brennus,
Sally to warfare, clad in glittering harness!
Led by those messengers, hasting, they make forth,
Till early eve; when now in cleft of rocks,
They halt; where might be kindled unseen fires.
Thence fared, before the dawn, was afternoon,
When erst war-wasted smouldering thrope they pass;
Where, snow-o'erstrewn, lie many carcases.
Their sleuth they follow; and now in the path,
Find fallen-down outraged wives and little ones.
After short pause, to eat, Heremod leads forth,
All night. He cast prevent his enemies thus:
And certain place beset, in forest mark,
Of crags; whereas those needs must homeward pass.
Cold shine the stars, and give them little light.
In falling snow, lo, the ethling lights, unwares,
On Finns, in their night camps; which gainst the dawn,
Deeming themselves secure, now kindle fires.
As storm, with Woden-shouts, then furious Almains,
Them overrun, and long earth-shadowing, spears.
Finns, flying, win to covert of nigh cliff;
Where, without hope, yet thought they on a wile:
They swords set to some captive children's throats,
In Heremod's sight; who sent then, granting truce,

His herald. After parley, those them yield,
And promise hostages, having their lives saved.
Then those strange Finns, to Almains' duke, descend,
And Esterlings ; and hanging their shock heads,
They cast their arms. Howbeit must custom hold,
Of stern Cheruscan nation ; for each Almain
Is fallen, a foe, lot-chosen, shall be given,
To kinsmen of the slain, to thrall or kill.
Moreo'er shall ravisher of an Almain wife,
Without redemption, suffer drowning death.
Sith, the ethling caused those enemies, twixt two rows
Of wives ; whom they had with them, captives, led,
To pass. Who guilty found towards wife or maid ;
On him arrest, of warriors' hands, is laid ;
And such, to die, is bound. With scorn and stripes :
Being stripped of upper weed and shorn their heads,
The rest begin, like drove then of lean beasts,
Towards strand, where they their painted yawls had left,
Stem-dight with ivory of the whale's tooth, to trace.
Heremod returns ; but enemies damned to death,
Drenched, in deep fen, were, in the homeward path ;
Being trodden down under hurdles on them cast.
And come the war-dukes home, with their young men :
One day, with mead and ale, in Aella's hall ;

And roast of slaughtered sheep and larded swine.
And Woden songs, they all make mirth and feast.
And, after this, they uphanged arms of Finns,
In hoar-swart pines of Nertha's sacred grove;
Where midst to heaven, with great sweet-smelling arms,
Tall cedar tree aspires, that image is,
Of the High Godhead, in vast forest Almaigne.

Record, O Muse, in the next month, how feast
Was mongst long-living gods, in their abodes:
And wherein drink a mead those blesséd ones,
Divine, which source is of eternal youth.
Debate then grew, Who mongst all, on the earth,
In force, and manly beauty excelléd most:
And gave the more their voice for Briton Brennus.
Then who, of women wights, most peerless was:
And straightway all, for Fridia, gave their voice.
Then called they, on Freyia, her who goddess named,
Mongst Almain kin, of love's delicious bands.
And her they ask, were those dear mortals joined.
She nothing loth did promise: and consults
With Nertha,[1] who consenting, shows, in dream,
Will of the gods to noble Hildegond.

[1] Or Nerthus, *fem.* in Tacitus; where some read Erthus: compare nevertheless the form Niorth, of the Scandinavian pagan age.

And now betrothed are Fridia and noble Brennus,
Thereto consenting ethling Heremod.
King Aella and all the march and Hildegond;
So that them bless, who meet them in the path;
Saying, She, as Nertha, is fair; and white-browed Balder
Returned, them seems, into the world, in Brennus.
Nigh is the day, when great Dunwallon's son,
To maiden daughter of Cheruscan king,
Priestess of mother Nertha, the earth-goddess,
Shall joinéd be, with great solemnity,
And feast and joy of all this Almain mark:
And gifts send even the ever-blesséd gods.
Come to this spousal lords, crowned with oak leaves,
And druids clad in white lawn, of Island Britain.
Come, from Lutetia, noblest Sénones Gauls,
Albe the winter snows yet hard to pass,
Whom Belin sends. And these bring warlike word;
That great armed multitude, both of this land's youth,
And Briton Gauls, shall thither soon arrive.
That would, to this year's warfare, with great Brennus.
Come messengers also out of Aquitaine;
And from the army of Gauls, in conquered Spain,
All bearing bridal gifts. A Britain chariot,
Is that which royal Belin sends to Fridia,

Rest for her sacred feet, enamelled white ;
Whereon a shining sun is blazoned seen,
And whose swift fellies tyred with glittering tin,
And silver nails. But Hermione, who wife
To noble Belin ; with true loving words,
Unto her sister, sends a gracious lace,
Down-reaching to her feet, of pearls of price,
Of Island Britain. Daughters of nigh kings,
Bring maiden gifts, clear carcanets and rings :
And on the morrow, shall their happy hands,
Comb the gold locks and the bright beauty deck,
Of her shall bride be of that glorious youth,
Who nephew is, men ween, of the day's god.
Now is the eve, when they, with songs, arrive,
Of that thrice-blissful morn of men and gods,
Wherein shall Fridia and Brennus be made one.
And lo, from strand, ascend a whimpled train,
In garments green, of sacred priestesses.
Unto whom all ethlings, kings and Aella's folk,
Enranged, in tall long rows, to see them pass,
Unhooded their proud heads, do reverence !
Those which wend up, with sacred caroling ;
Are virgin ministers of the great Earth-goddess.
In keel, which fleeted without oar or sail,
Were they on Lippé's streaming flood come in.

Who first incedes, her person half divine,
Blue-veiled, is Holda of the lake, men deem :
She, lady, bears bright sceptre of the goddess !
Fridia them leads to Nertha's sacred grove,
Whose boughs, of themselves bending, make them bowers.
There fleets an isle, in vast grey ocean's stream,
Which people the religious Englen,[1] pure
From crimes, wherein a lake and holy grove,
Abode of Nertha, great earth-mother. None
May enter, save her virgin-priests alone ;
Where stands her wagon, deckt with precious veil,
Beneath broad eaves of oaks. It, once a year,
Her sacred kine draw through the island paths ;
Bearing her nodding image. In each place,
Where they arrive, all day, is joy and feast.
And whereas Lady Nertha deigns to pass,
Their arms must all men, even their ploughshares, hide ;
Till, goddess, when last weary to converse,
With wights, she to her hallowed grove reverts.
Her covert image, then, and holy cart,
Shall her rune-maiden ministers, in the lake,
Wash ; namely they on whom is fallen the lot.

[1] Or Angles.

Whereafter ben those no more seen, with eye.
Is fame, that might be hid so arcane thing,
Joined hands, they frantic, chanting, leap therein ;
Leap in dark sacred wave, whereas they drown.
Come of the divine blood of Friothgar,
Made Fridia, in that sea-isle, abode, one year,
Clothed in white lawn, among the holy nuns ;
And was the maiden loved of the earth-goddess.
Wherefore that great Earth-mother pleased is send
Her priestess, Holda, to this marriage.
And gave the Mother, Nertha, charge to Holda,
Bear from her vestiary, fair embroidered stole,
Of lambs' fine wool, to deck the bride of Brennus :
And from her sacred boughs, that sunbright shield,
Made of some metal clear as crystal glass,
Which, to her godhead, Woden there uphanged,
What day, for blameless Balder, to enquire,
Of Hel ; to bourne of endless night he passed.
Through valleys, murk and low, amidst sharp rocks,
As spears, his journey holds upon his horse,
Far in North Land and cold, the waywont god ;
And girt to him, for chill, his hunter's cloak.
A land, where giveth sun's burning wheel no light ;
But is there twilight, as of fiery mist.
Then o'er black waters of twelve roaring floods,

And by the Bridge-of-dread, he, shrouded, rode,
That seemed like hanging hair of gold or glass,
Over the river Bale. It safely passed
His eight-hooved steed, and much swart-leaved dank forest;
Where griesly spirits wonne by infernal fen.
Faring time of twelve suns, of upper earth,
The High One came to Hel's vast dwelling-place;
Dread gates, wherethrough, an host, at once, may pass.
There never-ending trains, late unbound ghosts,
(The most lamenting,) still arrive. In that,
Approached veiled goddess of the lofty night;
Whose head all diademed is with frosty stars:
Seemed tempest-cloud, which from her neck, outblows,
Her weed. She fleeing new light on the earth,
In her iron charret hither daily rides;
Where with her son, Sleep, she wont rest: cold Death,
(Her other son,) lies slumbering in her arms.
She loost then her swart team, in baleful mead,
Of asphodel, to pasture forth, till eve,
Of upper world; beside a darksome grove.
He at Hel's threshold lights, great murk-faced goddess:
Who all she daily gets, in her dire walls,

For evermore, implacable, withholds ;
But not Hoarbeard, all-witty Woden, god !

Fair rising Dawn hath harnessed her white steeds ;
And drives, with Morning-red, in swift cart, forth ;
And after them, that smiles o'er wood and mark,
The happy day now cometh up apace.
And who is this, like poplar, mongst broad oaks,
Midst Britons, whose white raiment, of their Isle's
Fine wool, o'erdight with gentle needlework,
And Balder seems, draws nigh to Aella's garth ?
Illustrious Brennus is ! All rise ; goes forth
Aella, the king, to meet him in the path.
Follow chief Almains, in fresh garments trim,
Long-belted wadmel coats, breeks, buskinned shoon.
Stand wives, of fair aspect, on either part.
Wide, then, gan sound, with voice, the Almaigne forest ;
Of a great multitude that do now arrive,
All in their best array. Sith, when were husht
Their joyous throngs, before the royal garth ;
First to the midst, his spouse-gift Brennus leads,
An easy-paced Asturian peerless steed,
That knows not weariness in mountain paths ;
And barded all with gingling little chains,

Of silver. Leap in Brennus' other hand,
A leash, well taught to war, of Britain hounds;
Each one, a chariot-worth and team of steeds.
Tall young men bear, (are sons of Briton lords,)
Spoil of the wars in Spain, after great Brennus,
On their white folded cloaks; bright morion ceiled,
Lo, glittering, silver gilt, for her fair head.
Then hauberk of clear steel; wherein the sun,
And moon and seven stars, that look from heaven,
On this wide forest mark, are limned of gold.
Where seen to run, tyned harts, bulls and wood-boars:
And palm-great golden broach, where cunning smith
Hath wrought two plough-beves; that, under one yoke,
Gin break the stubborn glebe. And they bring gifts,
Of needle and of loom, to Hildegond.
Pass by, then, six tall young men, comely clad;
Whose nutbrown visages and their swart-ringed locks,
Witness that were they captives, in far wars.
They treasure bear of Spain, in a bright coffer,
Of bronze; and gift it is of Briton Brennus,
To Aella. Aella, sire of Heremod,
To Briton Brennus, gives most renowned brand.
Hight Lean-devourer, that, from sire to son,

Of Aella's house, in many a valiant hand,
Hath fed grey wolves and made swart ravens feast.
It sledged brown dwarves, and Almains say, a god
It gave to his sire's grandsire Friothgar,
Who Woden's warlike seed. Then Heremod,
To his dear sister, maiden captive, gives.
The duke, in burning city, saved the child
Had, from dim temple of Asturian god.
And well she, (who of perfect feature,) is
Expert, in women's arts, and skill of herbs.
And smiles the maiden Osset, glad in heart,
That lady Fridia she shall serve henceforth.
  Gives noble Heremod, to his brother Brennus,
A matchless helm, of fine Iberian steel,
And hauberk of hard bronze, inlaid with gold ;
Chiefest of all his spoils in the late wars.
And it, with hard assay, had won his hand ;
Which slew, that long withstood him at a ford,
Cantabrian king and spoiled him of his harness.
  But Fridia, her most pure and sacred self,
Gives to her Briton spouse, bove all worlds' good,
See, where she comes, in vesture of the goddess,
Mongst maidens bright. And whilst all, on her, look,
She, from her forehead, takes the priestess band ;

And girds, therewith, the brows of noble Brennus!
And all that see rejoice. Long were relate,
What several gifts the army sends of Spain;
And what the lords of grateful Aquitaine,
And of Ligurians; and of island Britain.
Behold, on silver boughs of young ash trees,
Where these be hanged before the Court of Aella.
The young men gaze on spoils of Southern wars,
And in their hearts creeps eager thirst of arms.
Went, early, bond-folk forth, with sliding wains:
And now they draw home goodly beams of pines.
Then whoso freeborn men, of Aella's mark,
Have skill in timber work, build of notched frame,
The bridal bower; and helping many hands,
This work goeth up apace, till afternoon.
Beat wives, with mauls, a floor of clay, wherein,
Have some, already, framed the sacred hearth:
Stop othersome, with ling, the chinks, and moss.
Stoops now this winter's sun, to the world's brink,
And ready thatched, beside King Aella's garth,
With eaves of birchen rind and the green sods,
Stands the spouse-house; whose floor with spoils is deckt,
Of the ureox and bear, and the great hart;
On thick-strewed parfumed evergreen of pine.

Full-ended all, last sprinkle priests the place ;
With chanted spell, gainst elves and wicked wights.
Then Fridia clothed, in stole of the Earth-goddess ;
And girt, with Aella's brand, great Briton Brennus,
And Woden, Almain god's bright shield embraced.
Before the people all, in the king's porch,
Standing ; in the joined hands of Hildegond,
And Aella and glorious ethling Heremod,
They, spouses, lay their pious happy hands ;
And plight their troth, which makes true marriage bond.
All shout then this glad folk, Long be their lives!
Thrice blesséd be they of the mighty gods!
And all bewonder Woden's sunbright targe,
Saying, that who it bears should win the world.
Swept forth the snow ; on boughs, in the king's garth;
Now eve, sit multitude, lo, of freeborn guests :
For makes them a great supper Heremod,
Of hundred fatling sheep, thrice told, and swine.
All sit at feast : men eat, at many hearths ;
And drink great fats, in horns of the ureox,
Of mighty ale. They last, come new day-red,
By forest paths, wend homeward to their steads ;
Chanting loud praise of Fridia and prince Brennus.
But white-browed Holda's sacred fellowship ;

Which yesterday, in Nertha's hallowed grove,
Lodged; to whom Aliruna came, by night,
(Soothsaying priestess she, of neighbour mark,)
Parted, ere day, with her, of all unwist:
And on dim Lippé's falling stream embarked.

But come that month, when hastes the day to rise,
And sound the floods, unchained from winter frost,
And budding, snowtime past, is the new green;
When open gin long furrows, the plough kine,
And cast now husband-thralls in, the seed grain,
Assembled all the mark, in Aella's court;
Where called them Heremod, to new parliament.
He, ethling, duke of the outfaring youth,
Rose, and rose Brennus prince of the Gauls' powers;
And joining hand in hand, erst, each one, oath
Renews, to other, by their fathers' gods;
And mounded graves. Sets Heremod then, for time,
Convenient, the last week of the new moon;
Wherein, in Axiberg forest, fast by Rhine,
The Almain youth shall meet, to march with Brennus.
To Fridia appeared, that nightime, Nertha goddess,
Clad in bright light, and armed like battle god.
Commands the great Earth-mother, Heremod,
March forth, nor doubt to conquer a new world.

Then, on loved Fridia, her prophetic spirit,
She breathed, and promised glorious motherhood.
  Lo, from all marches of vast forest Almaigne,
Whose nation always ready unto wars;
There issue great armed trains, to foot and horse.
By wold, by moorish fen and craggéd path,
Towards Axiberg, on the Rhine, those daily pass.
And to all Almains, sacred is that place.
Fame is, of ash-tree, there, created was,
The Almain nation, in days of the gods.
  Freyia, winsome goddess, and alwitty Woden,
Went, spouses, down, at eve, for their disport;
To play and bathe them, long Rhine's streaming brinks;
Those gods beheld, lodged under an ash root,
Two hollow trunks, there on an oozy strand.
They looked; and bare those form, in trëen mould,
Of both kinds, like to children of the gods?
Whose playthings they, on Rhine, were fleeted forth,
From Asgarth, where then blesséd gods abode.
  And laughed the Lord-of-spears: and named that one,
Ash: but his goddess spouse that other, Embla,
The elm. Yet lay they empty and void of breath,
Then Woden made them living; and endued,

With sense and mind, and motion gave and spirit.
But Freyia gave fleshly hew and wit and speech;
And beauty unto Embla. And they gave, both,
Them kindly love, that might those twain ben one.
Moreo'er, to Ash, gave Woden strength and arms;
Two spears that shaped themselves, in the god's hands,
Of the wild reeds; lest lacking these defence,
Against sharp teeth of forest beasts, should perish.
Then, as wont parents their young children lead,
So these the divine spouses; and them, speech,
Taught, in the way; and covering from the cold,
Much fleece, in brambles there was caught, them gave:
And brought to blameless Balder, the bright-faced;
Because in mansion of the blesséd gods,
Him plained the golden god of his dark weird;
That without progeny, he, from sweet sun's light,
When come his fated day, should be exiled.
There Nanna, in an hall of shining gold,
And silver, them, that god's true faithful wife,
Received, she which sith, followed, him in death.

Great is the assembling, armed, to Axiberg strand,
Of warlike nation of the Northern gods;
Where every kin known by their painted targe.
Now is the morn, when ethling Heremod,

To his young men, before him marched, should ride.
With him ride, Fridia and his brother, Brennus.
Aella, who old, shall follow them in wains.
Clear is the heaven, when now the sun upmounts.
With fiery steeds and favourable omens.
Tearful leave-taking then of Hildegond ;
Deprived, in one day, of her children both.
And when they sever from her lips and breast,
She would she were some little hovering bird ;
Then might she overflit their daily march.
To Ashberg all at length arrive ; where formed
Had holy gods the first man and first wife.
And, lo, there, ethlings sit in parliament,
Under wide beechen boughs, by Rhine ; where stone
Smokes, altar of the god alwitty Woden :
King Aella marvels, who grown old in wars,
Beholding so great host of MANNUS' sons !
And how come youth of hostile kins, in arms
To march with Brennus and duke Heremod.
All kings salute each other ; and joined hands,
Swear on that antique altar of the god,
Father-of-battles, truth, at home, abroad,
Keep in these wars. To visit round the camps,
Kings, ethlings, lords, in companies, then, outride.
And ethling Heremod names records of tribes,

In this great weapon-show, known by their shields,
Unto loved Fridia and his brother Brennus.
Here Yscaewonen booths, there Herminones :
Yond, (big with destiny of the Gothic name,)
Lodge Ingawonen, many lignages.
And, daily, other warlike swarms arrive,
Men of like hew and speech and countenance.
Are these then children of the Northern gods.

Brennus and Fridia journey, thence, to Belin.
They passed, on floats, grey currents of the Rhine;
Ride now towards setting sun. With them march Britons,
Those namely which, from Spain, returned with Brennus,
And dwelled in Almaigne. Lo, then, after days,
Lutece; where both of Main and Island Gauls,
Moved by shrill fame of far Hesperian wars,
Is come great multitude in, of tall armed youth;
To follow glorious Brennus, to far wars.
Behold, in meadows large, these, on both parts;
Where joined, by wooden bruggs, Seine's fenny shores,
To his isle-city walls. Issues King Belin,
Riding with a great train of Belges lords;
To meet his germain, and the spouse of Brennus,

New-wedded Fridia, Almains' prophetess ;
That goddess seems, such is her heavenly feature.
And them, with joy, receiving and high honour ;
His sister now leads home ; where Hermion queen,
In whom, like beauty and grace, (gift of the gods,
From whence her blood derives,) her gathers, dear,
To her gentle bosom. Fridia shows King Belin,
From his gate's battled tower, wide-glittering field ;
Naming the tribes and kins, whose shining arms
Are ordered seen, in many wain-girt camps :
And tells, how some in horses, some in chariots ;
And who, firm-foot, to battle with broad glaive,
Excell, or spear, and shield. Other bear bows ;
A few been slingers, herdfolk of Gaul's hills.
Lodge yonder warlike youth of island Gauls,
Britons, whose flesh is stained with swart-green woad :
Silures and Dumnonians, are their powers ;
Iceni and Cantion men and Trinobants.
Are tribes of greater Gaul which lodge beyond,
Menapii ; and they which dwell, where Rhine outflows,
Morini and Ambians, come with stout footbands.
Parisii then, and warlike Suessions.
Innumerable, upon Seine's further brinks,
Are camps and tilted wains, of great Gaul's warriors.
Armorici, shipmen they of boisterous seas,

Whose shields gleam with brass plate. Then Redones ;
And Curiosolitans, whose march wide flood
Of Liger hems ; where hallowed of all Gauls,
A great wood is, old seat of sacred druids.
Such gathering of armed nations was not seen,
Until this day, in fair Lutetian leas.
But when noised, that arrived was noble Brennus ;
Their joyful clamour fills the cup of heaven.
Behold the germain kings, in Britain chariots ;
To view the hosts with Fridia, now forthride ;
She prophetess and the bright star of Almaigne !
Unto her, their haughty necks, as to a goddess,
Proud Gauls abase. Next day, the Northern powers,
From dawn till even, and tall Britons, pass ;
By the long river's bridge, to Seine's left shore.
But much that townsfolk, looking on, admire
So goodly stature of the island youth.
And come what day duke Heremod should forth fare,
From Axiberg, at the Rhine, with Almain host ;
Shall march this puissant army of the Gauls.

On mount of Mars Teutates,[1] his tribe's god,
King Belin offers solemn sacrifice.

[1] Now Montmarte.

But seen that martial smoke; Gaul's risen, with shout;
With blowing trumps, pass forth, in thick caterfs.
They, till high noon, with wains, outfare, and flocks.
Who kings then mount, and to their va'ward pass.
And sith in a large plain, lodge all Gauls' army,
Where water is; and daily thus they march.
And now, by Sens-on-Yonne, they pitch fourth camp:
Where Bellovaci and Meldi, and Caleti youth,
Be to them joined. King Belin there takes leave.
Thence to Alesia, Brennus' Gauls arrive,
Whereas great Héracles fought, is common faith;
And town there founded, which betwixt two floods,
Lutosa and Osera. But those rivers' gods,
Envying, whilst in their meads, the hero slumbered
Out the noon heat, herding the ravished beves,
Of the King monster, three-jowled Geryon,
(Whom, in Hesperian island, he had slain,
Erythia; and giant hird Eurytion,
With Orthrus his two-muselled hound,) withheld
Awhile, their crooked currents, and heaped up.
Then they down-loosed their surges, all at once.
Rusheth the flood, with fearful eddies, deep;
And, with great head, the neighbour brinks o'errides.
Alcides starts, in hazel-thicks, from sleep:

Drowned is that field. In vain, his mighty hands
Grope feeble wicker wands, and rowan twigs.
Seed of Saturnian Jove, he, mortal, is
Borne down, in those two god's strong waters' race;
Tough tangle-weeds inextricably wrap,
Round his great limbs, about his divine neck;
And, immense, ruin on him beams of trees,
Poplars and alders. Great Alcides groaned,
To highest Jove, in that abysmal stound;
That might he escape, ah, so unworthy Death!
Straight heard him out of heaven, the Thunder God,
Who poiséd in his palm an hill; it whelmed
Upon those boisterous cataracts, above.
To land, the divine hero leapt; and loosed
A shining river nymph's two gentle hands,
His slimy bonds; when had Alcides sworn,
Her save from vengeance of those watery gods,
And her receive to wife. At dawning red,
With the new spouse, then great Alcides passed,
Over those humbled streams, as on a bridge.
There, on Gaul's host, came impulse of the gods,
So that, ere day, uprisen, with a vast noise,
Of blowing trumps and battle-shout, they march.

Now marching Almains with duke Heremod,

Are come, from Axiberg strand, with favouring gods,
In the self tide, to swart Hercynian wood,
And lodge, where Ister springs, from two clear wells.
Brennus, to Heremod, sends then Sénones lords;
To convey the armed youth of warlike Almains,
And without hostile fear, through parts of Gaul.
Then certain days, he waits, in standing camps,
His brother's coming, oathfast Heremod.

Pass nights and days; and, after this, tall Almains
Arrive; lo, marching, like thick wood of spears.
Conjoin the brethren kings then, their armed powers,
Banner to banner, kindreds with caterfs,
Done sacrifice, at dawn, to battle gods,
They all, with immense warlike voice, remove.
So dust rose to high heaven, and quaked earth's mould,
That wondered, in their rests, the blesséd gods!
In cragged uplands sith, those gin ascend,
By Arar's flood; where wait Allobriges,
The coming of warfaring Sénones Gauls,
Shall their armed youth march with the hero Brennus.
Halt Belges' armies then, in league-wide camps.

There, to the kings, arrived men, embassage,
Of the five lordships of Helvetian Gauls;
Which, to the war, would fare, with glorious Brennus.
These show, come to the council-tent of Brennus,

How soil, of all the Earth, most fruitful fair;
Which gods have, under heaven's wide bent, spread forth,
Italia lies, past yond towered mighty Alps;
Wherethrough, and seem they walled-up to high stars,
Found passages, had, armed youth of Gauls o'erpassed,
In their sires' age; and conquered wealthful seats.
Swart Vara and Caturix, war-dukes, with the Gauls,
In arms, and princes both of stout Ligurians;
Confirm, with many words, Helvetians' read.
Consult, concerning Sénones further march,
The dukes, three days, whilst rain and lightnings cast
Down, on their mingled hosts, some stormy gods.
The goddess Nertha, the third night, vouchsafed,
To Fridia, priestess, show, how destiny is,
Should Brennus, past high Alps, and Heremod,
A soil subdue. When the fourth sun is risen,
And captains wend to council, lo, with Brennus,
Comes Fridia; in whose bright countenance, lords behold,
This morn, new radiance of the Mother goddess.
How rise, at her approach, Gauls' chief estates!
And kings do wait on her prophetic lips;
Perceiving she would speak. Then, with clear voice,
Like to the silver accords of an harp,

Toucht of a master hand, the queen tells forth,
Before the kings, her vision of this night.
The hearts of all, to words of Fridia's mouth,
Consent. Heralds gone forth, of both the armies ;
They blaze, in the two tongues, through both the camps,
Queen Fridia's word, as message from their gods.
Immense then, confused, cry of multitude,
Whose voice fills all these shores. The mingled hosts,
Uprisen, then gin remove. Gives licence Brennus,
Unto all who will, towards Spain ; this river pass.
Seven thousand are, whom covetise, sickness, or
Faint hearts, persuade to that more easy path,
All day, rife mingled companies overwade.
Sith when now fallen the night, were kindled fires,
To give them light ; and horse of the *trimarch*,
Do station in the stream, to break above,
The water's force. A captain gives them Brennus,
For his old wounds, unapt the Alps to pass,
Valorous Cumael, to lead them into Spain.
Then long farewells, then many a shouted charge,
From the two opposed brinks ; when, on each shore,
Are offered bulls, in whose blind bowels, read druids,
Heaven's message ; and how in this warfare is
Now manifest the good will of all Gauls' gods.

To sacred Tolósa, lo, assembled, armed,
Much Tectosages' youth, are of South Gauls;
Where fane, hereafter far-renowned, is seen,
(For therein laid-up spoils of Brennus' wars.)
When now they hear, how Eastward marched King Brennus,
Those warriors, swift-foot noble Vellorix, choose,
Their captain. Journey then those warlike swarms:
And hasting, after many days, arrived;
Cevenna mounts, and swimming with their arms,
Cold currents of swift Rhodanus, they pass.
But when they come up, dripping, from that bank;
There fell out on them, from nigh tamarisk thicks,
Whence soar birds forth, (sign, there, of ambushment!)
Strange helm-clad wights: being Gauls, like Greek men, armed,
Helvians, allies of Greek Massilia.
Being taken thus, at advantage, and unawares,
Lose valorous Tectosages ground; whose arms
Unapt pierce Helvians' hauberks' tempered bronze.
Stooped, angry, Vellorix, on Rhone's streaming brinks;
Gross pebble-stone, the hero's hand up-caught,
At laurer-rose bush root. With immense force,
He it hurled; and smote of foes' tall opposed duke,

The helméd front: like thunder-felléd oak,
This rushed, upon his face, his brain-pan broke.
Then draw, that treacherous Helvian folk, back foot;
(So quail made Vellorix' shout their craven hearts,)
And sith recoil, before his dreadful looks:
And spoiled, exulting, Tectosages' duke,
The corse: with raging glaive, then battle-path,
Before him hews, up from that river's brink,
Mongst hostile spears. Fast follow his young warriors,
As wolves, in fight; they, likewise, wild crag stones,
Gainst which avails not fence of plated bronze,
Do furious, running, hurl on Helvians!
Whose bones are broken in their bruiséd harness.
And Rhodanus laps blood of the wide wounds,
Of them that fall. Awhile, then battle ceased,
Though won that strand; for fails day's cheerful light,
Already; and path lies forth, thence, by dim forest.
With arms yet in their hands, they rest and eat.
But when the moon gins lift, as lamp, her face;
Hark Tectosages, how on Artemis call
Their Greekish enemies: lo, whose silver horns
Begin eclipse! Straight Helvians flee, with noise:
And Tectosages risen, with dreadful yells,
Pursue their enemies to the dim night woods.

Those Gauls, at day, with Vellorix, spoiled the dead
Do take on plate and helms of their slain foes:
So march till noon; when in that brazen rind,
Feeling now sore encumbered their lithe limbs,
They, mocking, cast again the Phocian harness.
Sith by wild paths, they hold and uplands rough;
And after many camps, Isara's flood,
They passed, o'ertake great journeying host of Brennus.

With mighty voice, Gauls' mingled nations march.
Are rocky steeps, as stairs, up from the earth,
Where now they mount: but soon, for the wheeled wains,
There lacketh trode. Then Fridia erst commanded
Her waggoners, hurl from cliff, her painted cart.
Rose much dread din! of tumbling tilted carts,
Then; for do all as Fridia prophetess.
The Gauls, armed travaillous nations, now ascend,
Like to seed-gathering emmots, in long paths.
Now eve, at trumpet's sound, they halt and lodge,
Whereas they stand in many a perilous place;
And dreads their soul to slide, in sleep, to fall,
To rock's deep ground; till day uneasy breaks.
Then cry aloud, in both tongues, the king's heralds,
They set twixt band and band, a furlong's space;

With a large mile, betwixt their greater hosts ;
That they not justle in the mountain-paths.
The cold Rhipæan hills, they now ascend.
Beat thick all hearts, as who to battle march.
They scale this day yond brows, yond lifted towers,
That lean to heaven. Poor wights bear all their stuff ;
Women their little ones, upon their necks.
Who freeborn men, lay charge upon their thralls,
Of corn and cloth. See where tall Britons march !
Some bearing, on their shoulders, unknit chariots,
Wheels, axetrees, beams. Have men of the *trimarch*,
Much ado, lead their warlike island steeds.
From ridges of vast Alps, the cloudy gods,
As from some temple-roof, behold the Gauls.
Gauls of the hills, long-haired Caturiges,
At each league's end, have station in the path,
Which they, with beams uphold, and boughs and ropes.
Go up the Gauls in mighty shadows, cold ;
Where trembles the air, with drone of waterfalls ;
And sinks, upon their sense, crude mizzling reek.
From darksome pines, they mount to snow-fleckt crags,
Whence solemn mountain spires soar, and pierce heaven,

Land, where is only frost of living blood;
Wherethrough avails not mortal force to pass,
Without the gods. Admonished of the goddess,
Bids Fridia sound then trump, from host to host,
That the trains halt. Hark, eftsoons, lofty sound,
Beyond who foremost march! and fail men's hearts.
Loud rumbling ruin roars from mountain towers;
A flood down-rolls, in aweful smoke, of frost,
Which loost, Caturiges say, the South wind's breath;
O'erwhelming all before the people's face.
The hand it turns aside of Nertha goddess!
Who where piled hills on hills, like mighty erne,
Hovers unseen, o'er Brennus' mingled armies.
Much labour delve new way Caturiges;
Whereby again might Brennus' armies pass;
That follow, like as shipmen their lode star,
The glittering helm, which aye upmounts, of Fridia,
Who rides on that Asturian peerless steed.
Last lifting lowering hoary mists, above;
High valley-plain, untrodden snow appears;
Where, (door of the vast mounts,) lo, temple house,
Upwalled, of mighty stones, thatcht with wild flags,
To stormy godhead of these frozen Alps.
Reverent, approach thereto, kings, priests and druids:

That enter, shattering spear-long icicles.
Therein found, swept the floor, is altar stone,
Long wanting fire, nor stained with victims' blood:
Whereon, their hands laid, Brennus, Heremod,
Promise the god, that will unto him Gauls,
In Italy, burn the first prey of their arms,
Hundred white bulls. Then great earth-mother Nertha,
Revealed, as whisper in the air, to Fridia,
That save, by ransom blood, of two men's lives,
Gauls, Almains, brother-nations, might not pass!
She, prophetess, changed then hew and countenance,
So faints her heart for Heremod and loved Brennus.
Loud, sudden thunder round about them roars!
Wherein queen Fridia, loved of the earth goddess,
The god's will murmurs, trembling prophetess!
But Runyan, stedfastly, Fridia's lips beholding,
(Priest of Tanfana's fane, in far North Almaigne,)
It reads; with great voice then declares, to Gauls!
Whose words being heard of them that stand without,
Is presently unto door of the god's house,
Of noble young men, a great vehement press,
All greedy of glory; and to give their lives' blood,
For Gauls' great army, to that mountain-god.
Howbeit, with them, their brethren much contended,

That they do no such thing : hang wailing women,
Upon their necks. Lo, in this midst, white druids
Prepare the sacred lots. Who erst theirs cast,
Were the two dukes, great Heremod and King Brennus.
Then heads of kindreds, captains, lords of tribes.
At end, when cast were all men's lots, till eve,
Are taken two young men; this one Briton Paith,
That Engelfried, son to rich lord in Almaigne.
Now stoops the sun, and dies day's cheerful light.
When stars tread forth, intone this two-tongued folk,
Standing with firebrands, hymns of sacrifice,
Mongst the cold Alps : rebellow whose bleak cliffs'
White flinty bosoms, world's unwonted voice.
Spoiled, the two young men, to their girdle-steads,
(Whose swan-breasts like to ivory images,
Of graven gods !) stand proudly, and do outstretch,
O'er the altar's stone, their necks. Behold then priests,
Carve, with sharp knives of flint, his and his gorge!
Darkened their sense, both loosing blood and breath;
The victims fall; and falling seemed embrace;
Their faces dead, turned towards Italia.
Who princes, for more honour, in their arms,
Bear forth the sacred corses; and appeased

Being now all storm, and when have supped the Gauls ;
They gathering stones devoutly, in bleak moonlight,
Twain narrow bed-coves do upwall around,
Joined, o'er those sacred dead. Sith all the host,
Heaping ten thousand stones, in one great mound,
Them close. Hark, three times then, through Gaul's great army,
Men call, on height, their ever-glorious names!
So last, to their eternal sleep, them leave.
Shall henceforth every passenger heap his stone,
Thereon, for monument, in long age, to come.
Beneath then hoary stars, the army slumbers.
At rising sun, which shines on twain white peaks,
Loud cry out all the army, with one voice,
Naming those two bergs Engelfried and Paith.
When all hearts now impatient to remove,
The captains' hoarse iron trumpets heard are sound,
The sign to march! Rejoice then weary Gauls,
Feeling dismount their feet. Past noon, his scouts
Renounce to Brennus ; how, in certain strait,
Before them closed with breastwork, is beset,
Their path. Then he, from troop to troop, blow halt,
Commands. When counsel taken have the dukes,
With Heremod, sallies swiftfoot Vellorix ;
Leading out thousand armed, of the most valiant.

Them guide forth, where most tickle is the tread,
Mongst frosty steeps, hill-wont Caturiges.
Far ways about, till set of sun, those lead.
But rising the low moon, with golden crest;
They suddenly issue, at their enemies' backs!
Then those, upstanding, had confusedly fled,
Were not some called Caturiges, by their names;
Crying, that proffers truce the Gauls' King Brennus.
Then those, which Salassi are, of an hill-tribe,
Heremod receive. Sith all, with plighted hands,
And each, invoked their gods, make fair accord,
Calling the moon to witness of their troth.
Ask Salassi only, that Transalpine Gauls
Not vex their people's coast, by armed inroads.
Now are Salassi, whose eldfathers Alps had passed,
In former age, of kindred with the Gauls.
Then warrior, warrior; duke leads duke, to sup,
At mountain hearths of the sweet-smelling pine,
They sitting down, together, venison eat;
These hills great horned wild buck: and they have baked
Sweet chesten pulse, for bread. Then warlike Gauls,
Italia's ruddy wine, in leathern sacks,
Erst drink, blood of the earth. Salassi admire,
These strangers mighty brawns and their large breasts!

BOOK III

ARGUMENT

BRENNUS' armies, descending to the Summer Land, are, at first, opposed by tribes of the Cisalpine Gauls. Helvetian Gauls' disastrous passage of the Alps. Brennus' Gauls being come now to the Italic Plain, confirm a league with their kindred the Cisalpine Gauls.

Lay of Ogmius, the Sun-faced.

Brennus' host, with armed allies of Cisalpine Gauls, fare forth to war. They overrun and waste the fields of hostile Umbrians. Arunt, prince of an Etruscan city, Clusium, implores succour of the Gauls' king Brennus. An army of Brennus' Gauls, chosen by lot, march then in Arunt's aid; and passed the hill-country, they come now to walls of Tuscan Clusium.

BOOK III

RETURNED then, after supper, Vellorix,
To Brennus, bearing word from Heremod.
Rejoice, as fowls are fain, to see new dawn,
The travailled host of Brennus; sod whose limbs,
With mist, and stiff with frost. At Brennus' tent,
Lo, flickering wisp of halm, borne on spear's point,
The sign to march. Impatient, Gauls make forth;
And recreate, hark! with songs, their weary hearts.
The way, behold, before them, jocund lies!
They see, as birds, which look down from on-loft,
Hill beyond hill, with many, high-tyned mount,
Embayéd wide; that now sun-smitten ranks,
Blossoms, emailled, with hews, as of spring mead.
Far down, they stoop; wherethrough, as silver threads,
Slide glistering streams, to that fair Summer Land;
Which seems these far-marched Gauls a golden world!
King Brennus, with the va'ward, now arrive,
To place where them awaits duke Heremod.
Then, Salassi now their guides, from cragged pines,

To pleasant chesten groves, tired Gauls descend;
And thence, by hollow coasts, to deeps beneath:
Where Gauls erst eat, of vines' ripe clustered grapes.
They hear strange chirking crickets, in nigh thicks;
So light, thence, down, by strait and cragged paths:
Whence town of Salassi Gauls approach, at length,
Which rivers hem, with double-rushing flood;
Like race of chariot wheels and leaping steeds.
Gauls that do first arrive, prepare to lodge,
Now, on green meadows. In that, sees King Brennus,
Like torrent from the hills, with glittering arms,
Another train descend. His weary Gauls,
At sound of trumpet, stand in ordinance:
He sends scouts out. Soon those return, with word,
Are they Helvetians, by their arms and ensigns.
Gauls Sénones lodge then, on the river-plain.
Come Captains of Helvetians now to Brennus:
Whose cast-down noble looks and tunics rent,
Witness their wayworn people's wretched plight.
Because; those lords, with weary voice, relate,
Of their great multitude, concluded was,
In council of their tribes, to pass the mounts,
By other paths; and meet beyond, King Brennus.
But hindered them had storms, wrath of the gods;
And they, with salvage kins, mote daily fight:

And erred long, in strange valleys, had the most.
Whence they upmounted, by uncertain paths,
Mongst roaring waters, to last ribs of the earth;
And came to gates of everlasting frost,
And iron spires and lofty fretted ice.
  Was there then fell on them a frozen reek,
And did some enemy god their minds confuse;
So that men their own people deemed strange foes,
Which them waylaid: whence unsheathed furious
    glaives,
And fixt sharp shining heads of violent spears;
Or spendéd bows, men fought as hostile bands:
And each that snow made red with other's blood.
Nor any knew his fellow's face nor voice,
More in shrill blast. The people waxed thus mad,
(Supposing those betrayed them,) slew their guides.
On all fell panic fear. Helvetians fled,
They wist not whither. Sudden, many o'erwhelmed
Much sliding snow and shoots of stones: not few
Sharp cliffs o'erran. But when cold shrouding mists
Again dispersed, beheld the wildered folk,
As city above them of some winter-gods,
Bulwarks and towers; whence lofty rumbling sound,
And forms divine seen shaking threatful spears.
Then failed men's frozen limbs; and faint all hearts.

That hurtling wind seemed full of icy shafts,
And shrieks of fiends. Then, as beside their minds,
Still seeking paths, the people wandered lost.
Thick cloud uprolling, on the mountain's breast,
Cumbered all eyes ; whilst tread their sliding feet,
On perilous shelves, where depths of dread beneath.
Were heard their cries, on every part, uneath,
(For stuns the air a storm-god's immane voice,)
That, in thick reek, fall dasht down to their deaths.
Were mothers, which from off their weary necks,
A moment, had lain down their little ones,
Seeking, path forth, which, when that dim rack lifted,
See sunder now inextricable deeps,
Them, from their babes, that slumber soon in death.
Those blood-stained rocks and snows and icy brinks,
Beholding wretched wights ; where men and beasts
Ruined together, they, for woodness, cursed
The very gods ; that heedless of our harms,
And careless of our cries, of mortals ask
Still, sacrifices ! Who fallen in sharp clefts,
And gulfy deeps, do yet draw living breath ;
For cold and hunger, soon, their sore-bruised flesh
Must starve : and howling wolves, on such, await,
And ravens of these Alps, to rend their corse ;
But ravisht some, tremendous cataracts.

When, cruel malice of those mountain powers,
Helvetians, with great overthrow, had slain,
For were not with them marched the nation's gods;
These last arriving, forms of some dead captains,
Taking, a wretched remnant gathered in;
By several paths, where ere was no way seen,
Like folded flocks, to plains and frozen lyn,
Of snow and ice; when the bleak clouds discussed,
Shines a new azured heaven, bove steepling rocks.
Standing upon that bitter bent, rose cry
Of the vext people, which their priests repressed,
Dreading new divine wrath, if, of the gods,
Were heard lament: they bade then all taste meat.
Guides, in that place sith of their further march,
They herdfolk choose, men hunters of the hills,
Which wont, in cragged coasts, discern their path.
Nor longer tarrying, those well-sighted men,
Blowing their cowhorns lead the nation down,
By falling waters, aye, to lower ground.
Those hoped, then, they had scaped the heavens' wrath;
But all they find the straits, beneath, beset;
Where they arriving, with armed salvage wights,
Sore travailled, yet must strive again, till night,
Must fight for weary life; when favouring Gauls,

Some windy god, of this side of the Alps,
Being their few darts hurled from an higher ground;
They wan, of those crude foes, the upper hand.
Lo, where the foremost, swollen, and some half-blind,
Helvetian Gauls, all bruised and spent, arrive.
The day is glooming, when to Brennus' tent,
Wayworn, great-bearded men, with windblown locks,
That nation's priests; and princes, whose proud weed
All stained and rent, of staggering lofty port,
Approach; the steps upbearing of some man,
A giant of stature, who Ladower is seen,
Aventicum's king; though his high wildered locks,
Deformed are beyond knowledge. Groans this king,
And hanging broken, lo, is his left arm.
He of some succour comes, at Brennus' hearth,
Enquire: Gauls' kings uprise and Heremod.
They cause then softly sit the king Ladower:
Sith, with great honour, him again they greet.
And brings him priestess Fridia, spouse of Brennus,
Horn of sweet mead; but yet no word he spake.
Queen Fridia searched his wound, and washed, and bound,
With healing herbs. Of this stout king, is told,
How, in beginning, when the Alpine powers,
Troubled his people's march; and lost their path,

In those wild bergs, they, scattered long, miswent ;
His spear, presumptuous, lifting and vast targe,
Defied Ladower the hostile mountain god !
Then seen a rime-god, standing from the mist,
Like tower ; that great clot, on the royal targe,
Hurled, of hard ice : it burst, and brake beneath,
The hero's arm, who fell upon his face ;
And bruised lay king Ladower, and lost his sense.
  After that king had tasted mead and meat ;
He for his people asked. Send aid then Brennus
Promised, to the high mounts, at morrow's light.
Had drowsy herbs steeped Fridia in the king's mead ;
And lay Ladower, in Brennus' tent, and slept.
  Come morning ray, behold, all that hill's coast
Is full of sore-bruised wights. Descend their troops,
With fearful steps : but all their beasts were lost.
Hath each wild stream, that leaps from yonder craigs,
Now blood-stained spume ; and men, of this, must
    drink.
Hark ; who, Helvetians, wend by Brennus' tent,
With ghastful looks, as who have seen the gods,
Brennus and Sénones hail, with weary throats.
  Sith certain heads of these hills' tribes upspake,
Standing before the council of king Brennus ;
Accusing who have yester slain their sons,

Helvetians : yet since treaty Salassi made,
Their brethren ; they require release of captives,
And blood-wite also, for their slain young men.
Which granted, they, with mules, will forth and ropes ;
And bearing wine and victual, search their Alps :
So that a price were set, for every life,
Which they shall save. Consents Ladower to this ;
Who for his people, would give all his wealth.
He promised them, for every life, an ox ;
To be redeemed of the Italic preys.
A company came, where uneath footing was,
This dawn, to brow ; from whence they looked dismount :
But vast beyond, before, them, yawned deep gulf;
Where, in a moment, through much backward press,
Hurled, with dire yells, whole bands to dreadful death,
At once. Few caught to craigs or pines embraced,
Yet pend, o'er fearful gulf, and whirling flood.
Roysan, who of that Salassan town is king,
Now smitten hath fast league, with Gauls' king Brennus;
He and his people, sith, Sénones Gauls make feast ;
With sheep and goats, and gift of cheese and wine.
Three days then Gauls drink drunken, and forget
Late travail : till admonished of the goddess,
The king warns Fridia lead down to the plain,

Ere winter fall. In order of their lots,
Which have they cast, lo, Heremod and king Brennus
And Gauls' lords march; and all loud joyful shout,
To Italia, ho, the Fair! with infinite throat.
Their way, the snow-cold married streams beside,
Pouring down surges' weight, impetuous,
On tumbling cliffs, descends. Till noon, Gauls march,
In flowery leas: then Salassi's borders passed,
Roysan returns: but his young warriors, Brennus
Shall follow armed. Next-dwelling Libici,
Fear Sénones Gauls innumerable host;
Whence messengers have already sent their senate,
To call all neighbour tribes, to common arms.
On all their hills, lo, kindled warning fires!
Led by their guides, with songs and battle cries,
The two-tongued host dismount, tumultuous.
Twixt cliff and rushing flood, their path, which oft
So strait, a laded beast might hardly pass.
Have Libici now beset their further path.
Behold them leaping yonder, mongst blind craigs!
Then rolled, from height, with a great rushing din,
On Gauls, down pines and stones. Brennus sounds halt.
Silures, that, in order of their march,
To-day, the va'ward hold, the kings send forth,

Bold archers. Them, behold, climbed through sharp steeps!
Which now those enemies put, after short strife,
To flight, before their shafts. This valley's midst,
Beyond, have Libici barred, with a great mole,
Of thousand hewed-down trunks, whose branches laced:
Whereby should Gauls be stayed, confide their hearts;
Till neighbour nations might convene in arms.
It kindle Gauls: sith rose a wind, and vast
All night ascends, thence, sulphurous flaming smoke!
At day now, through wide heaven, Gauls' cloud-god Taran,
Assembled misty rack, with sceptre, smote.
Till noon, the watery skies rain out, and quench
That burning. Gauls sith Libici's timber hill,
Draw down, with scornful hands; and forward pass
Their mighty host. But in that swift strong stream,
Which flows, as milk, down madding from cold Alps,
(There where twinned Dora and Baltea leap from height,)
As Fridia bade, cast Brennus his white horse!
At length, where spreads this vale down to fair plain,
Like to vast flocks, Gauls' marching hosts arrive.
To Eporedia,[1] now be come the Gauls,

[1] Now Ivrea.

Towered city of Libici, girt with dykes and pales,
Wherein, of warlike host, seen shining arms.
Night fallen, sends Brennus swift-foot Vellorix,
With thousand spears. Shall, on their hinder part,
Then these loud clamour raise. Heard Vellorix war-
horns,
In twilight of the stars, Gauls swiftly approached,
Find all the bourg unfenced of enemies;
And it o'errun. Set strong guard, Heremod went,
Up hastily and Brennus, to their master tower,
Builded of great squared stones, with gates of bronze.
Gauls it assail, beneath their wicker shields,
Then hurt are many, under the enemies' eaves:
And, haply, had they foughten there, all night;
Were not that king Biellan, of this town,
Valiant in arms and skill of speaking well,
Like to his own, had marked Gauls' glittering ensigns,
And their loud war-shouts, like his nation's tongue.
Cried, from tower-head, then, Eporedians' king,
With so main voice, that cease the Gauls to fight;
What-ho! we Libici were of Sénones Gauls,
Beyond vast Alps; whence our eldfathers passed,
In former age. Ye Gauls, which now descended,
From those high mounts, we hear your nation's voice!
As ours; we see, like ours, your arms, your ensigns.

Now say, and ye be Sénones, by the gods!
And know else, who is he, or prince or duke,
Durst with me fight, him I defy; and may
I slay him, ye shall, warfolk whom leads Brennus,
By Libici pass; but shall not vex our coasts.
But and your champion me, in battle, slay,
The third part of our fields shall ye possess.
Thus he, whose words sound homely, in the ears
Of Brennus' Gauls. Brennus, with shout, commanded,
Men stay the assault. So cries, Illustrious
Lord of this city! Know Sénones were much part
Of our warfaring host, which from Seine marched.
In Gaul, are Sénones Belges seven tribes;
O'er whom to-day rules Briton Belinus,
My germain. Sénones this side of high Alps!
Our fathers' kindred, unto you, accorded,
Is, that were truce, till new light of the gods,
Betwixt us both. I grant, Biellan quoth,
Be this night truce. They cease then on both parts;
That, till new morrow, should their battle rest.
But day uprisen, comes frankly, with an herald,
Biellan king, and manly salutes Brennus.
Then each one, looking on the other's face,
His feature admires. Those kings made now accord,

They swear together, by their common gods:
Should Libici fare, with Brennus, to his wars.
There, three days, Gauls abide. To all armed bands,
From neighbour states, now marching in their aid;
Biellan sends back word, that they turn home.
But he invites, with the assent of Brennus,
Their kings to Vercellæ, and chief magistrates,
Convene to hear the reason of those Gauls;
Which, of like speech and gods, have passed high Alps.
Then Brennus marched forth, one day, in a plain,
Rich in sweet fruits and full of the sun-god.

At Vercellæ, now arrived, before the Gauls,
Is much contention of Italic lords,
Which question, whence might land, for these new swarms,
Be given: Nor few did chide with king Biellan,
And many Roysan blame. Twain sisters' sons,
(Unseemly strife, and were these princes both,)
With biting words, betwixt them then contend.
Insubrian Salug he, bold, insolent;
This noble Garlescan, the Cenoman,
Who valiant captain; and gave now his voice,
To make, with yond Transalpine Gauls of Brennus,
Peace and accord. Loud, outcrieth, in fierce heat,

Salug, When were not Cenomans false? and smites,
With his spear's heel, upon his cousin's targe!
To void this quarrel, then to Sesia's strand,
Went forth those twain: and for the two young men
So noble were and peers in force and skill,
Them follow all the people to an holm,
Which midst that river's streams; whence one alone,
Alive, of them, cries Salug, should return.
Like wood-boar, erst rushed Salug, with stiff lance;
But pious Garlescan his warlike hand,
In kindness to his mother's blood, refrains;
Only that furious onset he, to ward,
With heedful eye, advanced his hollow targe;
Where, infixt Salug's spear-head, with broad glaive,
He it sunder-smites. Then, with a murderous knife,
Was Salug closing in, when seen he bleeds,
Hurt by the numbril of Garlescan's shield.
Straight sacred heralds, sceptres interposing;
They victor noble Garlescan proclaim.
Now at Vercellæ, lo, arrives, from camps of Brennus,
Tolosan captain, swift-foot Vellorix;
With whom six lords of those Transalpine Gauls;
And all admire their noble personage.
Heard further their frank speech, Italic Gauls

Accord, that orators should be sent to Brennus;
With boughs of peaceful olive in their hands.
And shall those answer make. Italic Gauls
Permit, in reverence of their common gods,
Pass, by their marches, the Transalpine Gauls.
Those also shall king Brennus and his lords,
Bid, meet them, in mid-space, betwixt their camps;
Where Sesia[1] two opposing hills divides.

On a set day, kings, lo, and dukes outride,
Of island and the main's Transalpine Gauls.
Who first the brow mounts, this side Sesia strand,
Is huge Ladower, (whose hurt now whole,) with whom,
The Armorican duke Amrigol, and rich Olbin,
Lord of Allobriges. Comes then stout prince Baedan,
Of Trinobants, with Sassiog and tall Alan,
Both Cornewale Britons. Comes then Merovin,
A priest of peoplés, at Armoric shore,
Madoc and Berriol, lords of swart Silurians.
Then Carduan, a prince of Belges Britons;
With whom, Dumnonian king, rides warlike Bran.
Comes stern duke Cadivor sith, of Pictones;
With whom, lord of Carnutes' sacred wood,

[1] River.

Young Centigern : bold Vara and Caturix, then,
With Brennus, wardukes of Ligurians.
  Brennus and Heremod, in one Britain war-cart,
To Vercellæ ride ; whom follow lords of Almains,
On their war-steeds. Is Cerdix first arrives,
A king of warlike march beside the Elbe ;
Whose sire was, (makers read,) the twelfth from Woden.
Stout duke of Englen, Witta, with him rides,
On whose broad shield is pictured a white horse :
Next whom, Cheruscan duke, comes Irminfried,
With Offa, Quadite lord ; strong reapers both,
Renowned, in bloody harvest-field of Woden.
Then Heldric, with Sigambrian Ceolin ;
Come to this war, for love of Heremod.
  Unto that other river-hill, in face,
Are dukes went forth, of the Italic Gauls,
From Vercellæ. Lo, who their lord of war,
Stands on that hill's green bent, king Biandrante,
Next whom Verpolitus, tall Insubrian king,
With the Taurenian hero, Segonar ;
And Marmirol of martial Cenomans.
  Then certain warlike lord Treviglion,
And noble Garlescan ascend, with whom,
Baladore, bold champion, and strong Oggion, he

Whose mighty hands, alone, a city won,
Ariminum. Oggion, scaling battled walls,
The watch and midnight porters at the gate,
Surprised and slew. The valves of beaten brass,
Off-hinged. The hero called then, with main voice,
To slumbering camp of his round-leaguering Gauls!
He, sole, then onset of thick-rushing foes,
Longwhile, covered by his vast targe, sustained,
That tilestones hurled down on him, from house heads,
In the angiport, and arrows shot and darts.
Till succour last behind him, of tall Gauls,
He heard arrive, inthronging with long spears.
Then twixt two hosts, his buckler all to-broke,
And helm bruised manifold; now bleeding rife,
From many wounds, the hero fell on ground,
Aswoon; and Gauls o'er Oggion's body passed.
Wherefore, behold, his citizens him have crowned,
With everlasting bays, whose leaves are gold.

With long white hairs, by Biandrante, Tages,
The Tuscan augur, stands. He erewhile banned,
From his own soil, for certain homicide,
A fugitive, came to court of the king's sire;
Who kindly him received, and wife him gave,
Of noble house; and fields and certain beves.

There sits one lower, on that hill's green breast,

Whom stand round, reverent, lighted from tall steeds,
War-harnessed captains of Italic Gauls.
Man half-divine he is, in whose strong limbs,
Dwelled virtue of many valiant champions;
Blind CUSMON, Crispin's son: and son was Crispin,
To royal Caletas, sire of Mediolane.
But him immortal nymph, Agygia, bare.
Amongst those dukes, which wait on him, are seen
Marvor and Seddiol, Tolsa, duke in war,
Of great Insubrian nation; whose mailed breast
Is like a craig, in battle, whereon, break
The hostile waves, again, in bloody spume.
One hoary and old, who on his pavese leans,
And doffed his helm, for heat, a giant of stature,
Whose front, with battle scars, more glorious shines,
Is Condidan, companion of great Cusmon.
His hauberk's scales ben hundred iron rings;
A ring for every foeman he had slain.
Lo, mounts the gilded glory of this day's sun,
Thwarting the Italic heavens; and the bright harness
Glisters of warriors, which, from each hill's part,
Two eagles watch. This flying, out of the East,
That from West half. These both together meet,
Forth by the river; from whose hollow brinks,
Rise puttocks, owls and flock of chattering choughs;

Whom having put those royal birds to flight,
Deign not pursue; but lighting both on cliff,
Gan proyne their wings; and sith there build their nest.
Shout, in one tongue, the Gauls then, on both parts;
Each bidding other, from their hills, goodmorrow!
Descends Biandrante, at the voice of Tages,
To Cusmon. And when heard that divine man,
The thing which they have seen, he mounts to horse;
And with great voice, requires men lead his steed.
Some stay him in his sell, to the mid-stream.
There the blind hero, spread his two hands forth,
Hails the Transalpine Gauls and glorious Brennus!
Captains and lords, from both hill-sides, descend.
Brennus and Heremod then, with king Biellan,
Lifting right hands, proceed to the mid-stream.
Where now lights Cusmon down, in a green mead,
There light those all; and they await king Brennus,
Who comes with Heremod. Then, at Tages' word,
Joining right hands, o'er his hoar sacred head,
The kings of this, and yond side of the Alps,
Smite covenant, naming each their nations' gods,
Of lasting peace. Is such the will of heaven,
Revealed, the augurs hold, of both the armies.

Whereto the well-beloved of the gods,
Blind Cusmon, sire, foretells, Transalpine Gauls,
In Italy should win seats, that march with Brennus.
And levy power shall Biandrante, in aid ;
For brethren, spake the sire, ben all the Gauls.
  Who wait upon his bridle then, he prays,
They lead, beyond, to certain sacred cave ;
Where he attends some vision of the gods.
Till his return, bids Cusmon all the Gauls
Observe that faithful league, which they have made ;
So parts. King Biandrante calls great Brennus,
Heremod and lords of those Transalpine Gauls,
To camp, lies yonder, of Cisalpine Gauls ;
Twixt Sesia's strand and Vercellæ. Lo, then ride
They on together, lords of all the Gauls,
Towards king's pavilion, thither ; which is seen,
Of boughs wide-builded tawny green. Therein,
Them sit behold, now, doffed their glistering helms,
And laid their painted shields, by them, and spears ;
Drinking out silver cups of blood-red wine.
Whilst each on other looks, in long discourse ;
Were sheep now slain, and fatling calves ; whose
    flesh
Brittled, and roast, on rowan spits, with fat ;
Eftsoon Transalpine noble Gauls of Brennus,

Mingled with Gauls of Biandrante, eat ;
And pour out wine to the immortal gods.
  But when, in all, desire is quenched of meat :
Gan Brennus ask, king of the Sénones' Gauls,
Concerning that blind sire, of Biandrante.
And he, Were long to tell, O king illustrious,
Methinks, in chant, it better should record,
Wherein is matter of delight, some bard.
Cisalpine Gauls' king beckoned then, to one,
Sigor, in whose heart wont, like a clear well,
To spring the Muses' song. Then many lords
Pledge the old man ; who took his ivory harp
Down from his neck ; so meditates a moment :
Then strook the warbeling strings, and Sigor quoth.
  Prince of the noble youth of Mediolane,
Ere days, was joyous Crispin, the king's son ;
Golden ring-haired and ruddy. Rider bold,
Is he, in sweet spring time, an hunting went,
And was, long chace him parted from his peers.
Last weary, in midday heat, in desert place,
Crispin, by a fresh river, bridle draws.
He lights, and loosed his lofty steed, to crop,
The flowery grass ; so laid him down the prince,
On the cool brinks, to sleep, some little space.
  When Crispin waked, his royal weed he doffed ;

In current clear, to swim, for his disport.
He thither fleets, where most, in willow thicks,
And alder bowers, he hears sweet birds' small voice.
Hark, bove these fowls' shrill note, descant divine,
As Muse's song, which cometh to his ears.
Lifting his eyelids, hunter, he espies,
From outrage of sun's midday heat to hide,
A nymph unclothed, her dainty limbs embayed ;
Nor so unclothed but she is chastely clad,
Of long gilt locks, down to her gracious feet,
Which living marble seemed, in that clear brook.
She, nymph, goes gathering fairest laurer-rose,
Forget-me-nots, loved lilies, golden flags,
A chapelet now she plights, with bawmy sedge,
For her immortal brows. The whilst she sings,
Swim swans to her, and lay forth their proud breasts ;
Cleaving the crystal flood, with amorous force.
Then, as with venimed inward sting of love,
Surprised, empassioned, with dread shame, oppressed,
Of treachery base, instincted of some god,
Crispin him silent, like to coot, did stoop,
In the deep channel, which him fleeting bears.
Now, in guise of watervole, he nigher draws
That blissful haven. Her startled gaze, in this,
Some uncouth amiable thing, abashed,

Beholds. His sheen locks, sprinkled are of flowers,
Of cherry and sloe, which hedge those river-borders!
He a goddess sees! whence suddenly aghast;
He strongly dives. Then, in tough tangle weeds,
Is Crispin, wrapped, like, wretchedly, to perish.
Which seen, her woman's heart went forth, to save.
Careless of naked plight, she leaps, divine;
And him, dead-seeming, lifts in the cold stream.
Her tappet casts now on him, drawn to land;
So hastily takes to her her raiment white;
Chafes then his deadly limbs: and breathes the nymph,
Divine, of her own pure ambrosial spirit,
In Crispin's clay-cold corse. And she, from gulf
Of death, his flitting ghost, calls back uneath.
Last Crispin wearily opens his dull eyes;
The nymph him rears! Long drooping then, he sits,
Leaned to her bosom warm, his drizzling locks.
She sees him, like to lily which revives;
Wherein, each moment, hew returns and health:
One seems her of those children of the gods,
Which woman-born, dwell, mortals, on the earth.
Surprised is each, with other's dear aspect!
Bow honeysuckle down your long sweet locks,
Bower over them, hide from unkindly dread,
These, which with kiss, as breath of summer morn,

Earthling and goddess, lovely wedlock's bond,
Breathe, blissful, in each other's pious arms.
But Crispin, lest her sire divine offended
Were, gave to Nuth, great god of watery deep,
His steed, born of the wind, at his wife's read.
Crispin, returned to city of Mediolane;
So is he changed, in speech and countenance,
Grown in distaste of former things, distract;
That whispered in the town, the king's son hath
Some vision seen. Men mark, forlorn he hath
His steed; the common finger points him out!
Nor he is joyous more, amongst his peers.
All his delight, is lonely forth to ride,
Whither none wist; and that by covert night:
Where with Agygia, he, his divine wife,
By sliding streams consorts; and culvers soft,
On boughs of cedars, murmur of dear love.
She lily-garlands plights, for Crispin's head,
He love-knots wreathes her, of all gentle flowers.
And oft he, with his divine wife, communes;
Of thing have seen her heavenly eyne, high gods:
And if (which druids ween,) after our deaths,
Were other life: and what is that, he asks,
Which should, in time to come, be on the earth:
Moreo'er, and what world, ere man's memory, was?

Now, all too soon, is this bright summer ended:
Already vintage past, falls in dim days,
The russet leaf: then Crispin's happy hands,
Bring best of harvest fruits, to her clear strand.
But, ah, he finds not her: amongst the nymphs,
Agygia called now was, to yearly feast,
Of father Padus; nor might she refuse,
High Father he of all these rivers' gods.
Yet she, the sign convened, betwixt them both,
At their bower-door, of clambering ivy-twine,
And woodbind pale, which Crispin's loving hands,
Had taught to grow, her wimple left uphanged;
And fastened was the cloth, with curious brooch.
But, ah, some foolish pie, that glittering gaud,
Bare to her nest, on lofty bough, far off!
Long then those forlorn shores, young Crispin fills,
With yelling cries, that her loved name resounded,
Agygia, Agygia! unto his loud lament.
Yet, in dank bowering glade, he sought her forth;
Wherethrough the scattered sunbeams smite, and made
Seeming, (hanged in sweet-smelling tawny woods,)
Of jewels clear, those little rainbow drops.
Sith, on all nymphs, he calls, of wells and wood;
In vain! they elsewhere dance and lightly tread.
Void are their bowers and waste, and silent all

That river's mead! none answers! Crispin caught,
With lean and desperate hand, his wavering steed:
So mounts the prince, to ride o'er the waste heath.
He, at adventure, fares. His bow he bears,
In hand and shafts. A roe, from brake, leapt forth.
He drew and thrilled her with a roving arrow.
Lo, fallen the bleeding quarry, on her knees;
With teary eyes looks on him, and yields life.
Then, in a sudden darkness of his spirit;
Him seems his retchless hand had slain his wife!
He, in anguish of his frozen heart, alights;
And Crispin runs forth, desperate now of health.
He, yelling, blasphemes heaven! Out of his belt,
Eftsoon, he raught a knife, with fell intent.
Then straightway, cast down hail the Thunder God;
And pitying, pierced the prince, with lightning dart.
And when that stormy wrath of heaven is passed,
But ashes, lo, in Crispin's stead, remain;
And crumpled iron and bronze, that were his arms,
And jewel royal, of quaint dedale work.
So dear, alas, had joyous Crispin bought,
Immortal love and kinship of high gods!
At morn, a shepherd-groom hath tiding brought,
(That sitting, yester, on hill-brow, had seen
This hap,) to Iséon, priest of Mediolane.

Behold then Caletas, Crispin's royal sire,
Strewed dust on his hoar head, without his house ;
(And seemed, like winter's rack, his blowing hairs,)
In winter's cold, all in the wind and the rain,
Crouching before the threshold of his god !
Till him Iséon, uplifting by the hand,
Led to yoked royal chariot. Caletas then,
With mourning citizens, issued to the plain :
Where priests, observing old Etruscan rites,
To the great Thunderer, offer an ewe lamb,
Of two years' old. Then gathered, in an urn,
The prince's sacred ashes, they, in tomb,
Depose. And who came out from Mediolane,
Did mound earth and green sods, till eve, thereon.

Reverts Agygia to the overworld.

She mongst her sister nymphs, as custom is,
To that great lake, whence sacred Padus flows,
Was went in days when yearly sacrifice,
To Nuth, great king of watery gods, is made :
And mortals wont cast in their precious things,
To his clear waves, jewels of the burned gold,
Silver and bronze ; whence Goibniu,[1] the gods' smith,
It having purged, draws ornaments and arms.

Then mongst all nymphs, Agygia judged most fair,

[1] The same as Govannon.

Her sisters asked of Goibniu, crown for her.
Consented he ; and it, of hammered gold,
Wrought ; wherein well-emailled, the flowery buds,
Of kind, he set, named *smaragd* of the gods ;
Mongst mortals, called forget-me-not, which blows,
Mingled with sedges sweet, by her cool streams ;
Gemlike for beauty and brightness ; hewed like wing
Of the fowls' fisher-king. When Goibniu girds,
Agygia's crystal brow, with this fair fret,
Gin all her sister-nymphs, with fairy feet,
Her dance around. Run-to the fawns, with pipes ;
But she them all outstrips, which would her kiss.
Behold now thus arrayed, Agygia rise,
With an immortal smile ; and, for her love,
Lo, banquet bares, from garden of the gods,
A bascad, in her lily hand, of figs ;
Whereof who tastes, his youth undying is.
And brings Agygia's other hand, from thence,
Of magic gold, a ring, for joyous Crispin,
Should him immortal make, in warlike world.
But, ah ! of nimble fays of the wild field,
Brown elves and satyrs, leaping from nigh wood ;
All swift-foot children of the forest god,
Her lovéd mortal's hapless fate, she hears !
Then she the dank leaf-dropping russet groves,

With long-drawn voice fills of divine lament.
Like cow, she fares, which lately did bring forth,
Whose calf night-wolves have rent; that mad with grief,
Runs hither, thither, headlong, in wide field.
Ran holy Pan, the father of the wood,
To know what means so far resounding voice,
Of divine grief. His pipe he brake, for ruth,
Of oaten reeds; and wept the wavering god,
Neath shagged brows and crown of shining leaves.
He those fair lawns his satyrs bade deface;
And shake all bare the withered boughs in forest.
Then heaven Agygia, which had her bereaved,
Accusing, on that erewhile happy mead,
Poured all her winter currents from their source;
And made it marish doleful fen, henceforth.
Sith, she repaired to lake, whence Padus[1] flows,
Wind-kissed Verbanus;[2] where their hoary wings,
Sprinkle wild mews. To palace there the nymph,
Of Father Nuth, descends, the wave beneath;
Feeling her womb's chaste burden now increase.
Under his throne, her antique watery sire,
Spread living azure billow over her.
Therein he, as in chambered wall of glass,

[1] The River Po. [2] Lago Maggiore.

Causing his spumy waves to roar above,
His daughter hid, from eyes of men and gods.
But when fulfilled three moons have now their horns,
The heavens her time so hastened, at her prayer,
That, without pangs, Agygia, in house of Nuth,
A living babe, to dear dead mortal bare ;
Three months, then, nourished, with ambrosial food ;
When Crispin's son, as woman's child, is grown,
At three years' end. Sith come the sweet spring tide,
Her sorrows swage, for she immortal is,
Unto whom all grief unmeet. Agygia rose ;
And in her divine arms, lay Crispin's child.
She went up, dryfoot, from her father's lake ;
And, bearing him, turns to her river's bed ;
So, to that funeral mound, came, in the plain ;
Whereon each dainty flower behold, which decks
The pleasant field of Italy-the-Fair ;
Already grown, (which gracious hands have set,
Of sister nymphs,) sweet myrtle bush is there,
Men use to plant in reverence of the dead ;
With sacred asphodel and the wind-flower,
And breathing cyclamen, which Crispin loved.
She hears there singing, in nigh poplar grove,
With heavenly note, the swooning nightingale,

Crispin, jug-jug-occhy-occhy, Agygia!
Somewhile that tomb then she beheld, and wept.
Dear fruit of their chaste loves, that babe, she set,
At the mound's head: then gathered she, as round
She paced, of all sad flowers, and guirlands made,
Which thereon grew, for her child's mourning brows.
She, goddess, might not tarry in place of death!
Wherefore, breathed vow to that beloved spirit,
She turns from thence, vow, after their babe's day,
To her unlong, that an immortal is;
She will herself take journey, o'er swart deep,
To the world's brink; whereas, from age, exempt,
Dwell heroes' souls, companions of the gods;
And with them lovéd Crispin now hath rest.
Bearing her babe, through covert hill, thence mounts
The nymph, to marble cliff, where her clear fount.
There sojourns she, remote from human foot,
Till summer wean from her immortal breast,
Her son; who thenceforth needeth mortal food.
Wherefore she sorrowful, and by night time, parts:
And all the way, lies slumbering, in her arms,
The child. She sought again lake Verbanus.
Behold dim night-shut temple of the god!
Nuth's gates, before Agygia's steps, disclose.
Therein, from divine bosom, she sets down

Her babe, and laid him at the idol's foot.
How seems that father-godhead stretch his arms!
Child of his child, as did he thus receive;
Whom much the nymph to him, in prayer, commends.
Then last, about his neck, Agygia binds
That precious ring, with mother's murmured spell;
So kisseth manifold, from head to feet:
Whence Cusmon he was named, of men and gods.
Withdrawn her foot, then went Agygia forth.
But, to his dreaming priest, appears the god,
Saying Barchan rise! and by this sign, to-night,
That thou shalt open find my temple doors,
Know that babe, playing to mine idol's knees,
Within the fane, is one sprung of my blood,
Seed of the royal line of Mediolane.
Startled the priest from sleep, he open finds
The holy house; wherein a child loud weeps,
And loud his mother calls: yet could he her
Not name. And surely, in the infant's face,
A radiance shines divine. Bare Barchan old,
Much wondering, to his wife, who childless goes,
The godhead's gift; and she received the babe.
Ten years, in sacred wisdom of the stars,
Old Barchan nourished up the temple child,
To interpret dreams, read omens, auguries:

But most he taught him to eschew all wrongs,
Which wrath draws daily on men, of the just gods,
On men whom infinite miseries oppress.
He taught him arcane vertues of all herbs.
But Cusmon's limbs, already mighty grown,
In his young years; him sent forth Barchan purge
The mountains rough, and forest wild and waste,
Bordering men's eared fields, of noxious beasts.
To manhood grown, he waits, by common ways,
To redress wrongs. Night-robbers, murderers,
Fall pierced, unwares, by his unerring shafts.
None felon might outgone his divine feet.
The fowls bear Cusmon message, all whose tongues
Were to him couth, and voice of beasts; nor found
A man which might withstand his matchless force.
And aye his mother's ring wards Cusmon's life.
And when he comes, to any temple-grove,
He dwells awhile: and nourish him the gods.
Man half-divine, he purged, in many years,
His land of evil doers. Ceased tortuous wrongs,
Mongst all the Gauls; and wide his name resounds.
Led by his mother's crystal hand, unseen,
The hero passed then Padus' mighty stream.
For, hath, the maiden child, Agygia seen,
Of Gorlag king, captived of enemies.

And now revealed to her the eternal Weird ;
How, Cusmon, given maid Verica, have the gods.
Now Cusmon, ranging in a forest side,
Bears spended bow and shaft, in his left hand.
And Padus passed, the hero espies ride,
A company of Umbrians, leading captives bound.
Those, weening they have now outwent pursuit,
Lighted, all weary, in glade down from tall steeds.
Some eat, some that would, thus assured, out sleep
This noonday heat, lie drowsing on fresh grass.
From his green shroud, betwixt the shimmering leaves,
Chained to beech trunk, some noble personage, sees
Then Cusmon ; by whom maiden sits, girt both,
Guise of Gauls' priests and kings, in raiment white.
Some sheltering bough, her gracious hand then pluckt;
For to refresh him, fainting, it doth waft.
Leans to her bosom, her sore wounded sire ;
And oft her dear lips kiss his dying face,
And silent tears, she weeps, in her distress.
Her father, king, rode, yester, to green wood ;
The flying hart to hunt. Umbrians them there,
Surprised. Fell fighting, without fence of harness,
Or shields, then round him all king Gorlag's lords.
Sore hurt, scaped, hardly, Cavaril the king's son ;

When fallen this sire, from horse, mongst foes, on ground,
He now was taken alive, with many wounds.
Hark, soft, the maiden chants, with heavenly voice!
Some spell, to allege her father's bitter smart;
But she herself, by moments, fails and sleeps!
So wayworn, mate she is, for weariness.
For like to furious flight, was the retreat
Of Umbrians; and now Padus, that wide flows,
And cold, with their lives' peril, they had passed;
Bound, with the preys, on steeds. She wakes and hark!
Again, she murmurs low and softly prays;
Would, ah, were divine Cusmon nigh to save!
The hero exults, thus hearing himself named.
On his unerring bowstring, he set shaft,
Fledged with a grey goose wing, from Noden's lake;
So drew up to his breast; and leapt death forth,
From humming nerve. Breathes the Umbrian duke, lo, pierced,
With silent throes, erst, forth in the brown brake,
His ghost. Then loost the hero shaft on shaft,
Nor arrow vainly shot; in baneful juice,
Of forest root, is every fork-head tincted;
Which had a god revealed to him, in vision.
So fast, he shot, that seemeth his foes, at once,

Lie all on ground, without voice, without life.
And Cusmon's quiver now is well-nigh emptied.
Lie gaping Umbrians, upright, as they slept ;
When eftsoon wakes the maiden, mongst slain men :
Her seemeth then to behold some direful dream.
She trembles ; sees then one who stands far off,
Man clad in spotted hide of mountain lynx !
Whereof her father knows him, whence he is.
Unto him, the king outstretched his captive palms,
As to a god. And she, fair Verica, seeing
Now, and beside all hope, her father saved ;
With fearful joy, revives. The hero toucht
His vertuous ring then, to their bands, of brass ;
Which fall from off them, loost. He, to the brook,
Sith ran ; and in his knit palms, brought the king,
To drink : and Cusmon sith, with cooling leaves,
Did bind his hurt ; such skill him Barchan taught.
Languisheth, for that mortal is his wound,
The sire till eve ; when, losing the king speech,
He Cusmon blessed. And in his dying hand,
Cusmon and Verica's conjoined hands, receiving ;
He gave them, each to other, to be one :
And so he passed. And Verica weeps, and weeps.
But delving with a spear and his two hands,
Gan pious Cusmon open womb of earth :

Wherein, borne in his arms, the hero lays
King Gorlag dead, in his white royal weed.
And gentle Verica, weary, weeps, bereaved ;
She night-long weeps, beside that open grave.
But come, at length, day's red ; heapeth the swart mould
In, Cusmon ; and that pit the hero closed,
When sun is risen. His enemies slain he leaves,
To wolves and crows, amongst these canker weeds,
To rot. They sithen wander slowly forth,
In sad and sweet discourse. That day both sad
And happy is : and now the sun is setting,
When, mongst tall beechen sheltering arms, they lodge,
Where the vast night soon shrouded hath the ground.
When new day springing wide, in the green forest,
He, in that place, where she became his wife,
A bower, with leafy boughs, twixt two tall studs,
To shelter her, did frame, of wattle work :
And tappets with that spoil he wont to bear,
Of mountain lynx, the forest's whortle floor :
And Lavrock called, (in border of green grove,
Where rumbling brook down-slides, through open slade,)
He their poor lodge ; for there the heavenly lark,
Did erst salute loved Verica's marriage.
But bruited being that tiding soon abroad,

Mongst Gauls ; arrive, before the hero's lodge,
Of Cavaril's kingdom, bowing down their heads,
Three lords, in the dim glade : which thrice besought
Verica, as from her brother, to revert,
And dwell with divine Cusmon, at his Court.
Likewise grave Senators of great Mediolane,
Sent orators over Padus' stream : and these,
His blood divine and royal kin rehearsed,
Declare to Cusmon, how their city made
Decree ; to him assigning public gifts,
Vineyard and olives and large fruitful field :
But would he naught, save that him sent the gods,
Of all world's good, besides his blanket cloth :
For aye, like priest of Nuth, went Cusmon girt,
In long white *saie*, whereon his wont to cast
Was, fell of mountain pard, in winter season.
Him gentle Verica schools, in the wide forest ;
Where she, with her loved Cusmon, chose to wonne,
In courtesy, and in skill of speaking well :
That when should age abate his warlike force,
He, yet, might save the land, by his wise read.
There Verica dwelled, with Cusmon, many years.
But gods, because untimely end the Weird,
Presignified, unto unborn babe of theirs,
Denied them offspring, heirs to their joint lives.

One day, when was, on warfare, Cusmon went,
Hurt Phœbe, with a roving shaft, alas!
Verica. She, lady, wandered, drooping, forth,
Feeling increase her sickness very sore;
If haply, with the hero she might meet.
She fared thus, three days, on her weary feet.
Then on a bank, beside the way, of moss,
She sate her down to rest. She swooned, and last
Long sleep fell on her, of untimely death.
In dream, the hero Cusmon, of that night,
Met his dead wife. In strength then of the gods,
He all day ran, as swift as fowl in flight,
Seeking her dear footprint, from place to place.
Then sent a dove his mother, whose fowl's tongue
The hero couth. She, gently flittering, leads
Cusmon, till eve, when to a dim oak glade,
He raught; where Verica lies, since yester, dead.
Dark was his grief, he delved, he buried her,
In bleak moonlight. He knew not, on a stone,
To token her dead name. Stirred of the wind,
Which all night moaned, then, in the dawning, found
He, bough of holm had limnéd on her tomb.
He groaned, and still sate fasting on the ground,
Three days; when he those signs beholding well,

Will of the gods ; and parting it in staves,
Which VERICA spell, and signify should, alone ;
Found sacred runes, which sith were letters named.
Cusmon, from dear dead spouse, reverts to wonne,
In converse with the gods, to holy grove :
Where he, now old, uphanged his battailous arms.
But arcane skill, to priests and kings, of runes,
The hero taught ; to the end they might persuade
All men, to peace, which draw one vital breath.
When he, his eyes grown dim, again went forth,
Into the land, men Cusmon, as a god,
Reverence ; and kings contend his steps to lead.
Led by his mother's hand, he widewhere went,
Mongst women-born ; and graved, left, or on stone,
Or beechen rind, some high immortal verse,
Wisdom or healing spell, in every place.
Then border nations heard, that dwelled a god,
Among the Gauls, and feared their land invade.
And like as ere, unerring, Cusmon's shafts,
Words of his lips now reconcile men's hearts.
And wide was in the world his wisdom blessed,
Above his former deeds. Then long surcease
Of strife and wrongs, in all the Gaulish march.
Sith Cusmon's name hath changed, to OGMIUS,
An oracle, which sounds, to Gauls, Sun-faced ;

That radious is the hero's countenance.
He old, now hundred winters, at Nuth's lake,
Dwells: and his mother's ring such vertue hath,
Till all fulfilled were his great destiny,
He may not die. And lengthens her son's life,
The nymph Agygia, with ambrosial dew.
There Sigor ceased: and heroes of the Gauls,
Of Biandrante, both, and Brennus' part,
Still silent sit, and staring on the ground;
Nor drunken out the cups, which in their hands,
Of ruddy wine, so were suspent their hearts;
Whilst that Italic bard chants Ogmius;
Nor marked they, how now boughs long shadows cast,
And gins sun's sweaty team draw down in West;
And stand, unfed, their long-maned steeds, without;
Inclined, as did they understand, their heads;
And they forgate to crop the tender grass.
And whilst great Brennus muses a good space,
Captains and lords of the Italic Gauls,
Gan lift their eyes, on him, up from the earth;
And him admire, next after divine Ogmius:
And for a flame had made the mother goddess,
On Brennus' helm, to sit. Sith Brennus quoth,
It was a noble story! and did, from off
His warlike arm, the king a long wreathed bracelet,

Like dragon, wrought of tried red gold of Britain ;
And guerdon of his song, sent to that bard.
Vellorix, who couth both well indite and chant,
Old warlike lays, of heroes and high gods,
Sigor, from his mid-finger, sent of gold,
Bright ring. Lords drink, and they anew discourse.
Of divine Cusmon, yet enquires king Brennus ;
When Biandrante's servants, which with Ogmius
Were went, arrive, as men returned in haste :
And to the kings done reverence, those renounce,
Strange tiding. Lighted Cusmon down from steed,
Passed barefoot forth. Come to that sacred cave,
He spread his groping hands, as one who prayed.
Then long the hero, they did wait without.
Last came forth Ogmius, knocking with his staff:
Unto whom they lady, of divine aspect,
Saw then approach. She stooped and dearly kissed
That bowed-down agéd man and long embraced !
Then Ogmius, like one of the radiant gods,
Upstood ; and seemed a fair young man of age :
Whom she, calling him son, anew embraced ;
And on his eyelids breathed. He saw, again,
Then glory of the world, this dying sun,
And mother long unseen ; and her hands kissed,
Divine. They spake together words that seemed

Of antique hymns. Then, lifted he his voice,
Quoth, Greet ye well Gauls' kings; and hence-
forth peace
Have they with Brennus, hero of the gods,
Glory of all Gauls, on both sides of the Alps.
But those, hid in a thicket's shrouding leaves,
Had much cold dread, to look on and to hear,
The face and words of who immortal were.
The pair divine, to sacred poplars passed;
Hanged on whose shivering boughs, midst the wan
leaves,
Which sound of rain, are hallowed offerings,
And Cusmon's shining arms. Last, from men's seeing,
A mist them both received, beside the lake.
Become a god, she leads him to the gods.
Look all men then on that Etruscan seer,
Expecting Tages' speech. King Biandrante,
At Tages' word, sends young men forth; that soon
Return, drawing by might of robust arms,
Black steer of two years old. And laid the king,
On the beast's head, betwixt his gilded horns,
His royal hands. The victim slain to ground;
Pour all Gauls' kings libation, to earth powers,
Agygia and Nuth, and Cusmon Ogmius.
Is late, when king of the Transalpine Gauls,

Great Brennus mounts; mounts Heremod. Mount
Gauls' lords,
To their tall steeds. But noble Biandrante,
King and warlord of the Transalpine Gauls,
Invites king Brennus, o'er the stream, to lead
His Gauls; and join their camps, at morning red.
Clear soars the moon, lo, on their twilight path.
Tells in the way then swift-foot Vellorix,
How came, like to a wandering bard, some man,
In his sire's days, unwist from whence he was;
That drew, by only vertue of his sweet tongue,
Sounding like Belin's voice, to harp of gold,
Much people, from Tólosa fane, to the Garonne:
And who, half-blind and old; in that year's games,
Of strength and skill, which wont there to be made,
Yet vanquished all. Was that not Cusmon Ogmius?

The day new rising, over Sesia's strand,
Transalpine Gauls to Biandrante pass;
Who sends them beasts, and hundred wagons fraught,
With corn and wine, to make feast in their tents.
The armed Cisalpine nations, levied camps,
At morrow's break, march homeward with their kings.
But day is set, wherein their warlike aids,
With king Verpolitus, shall revert to Brennus.

Then Brennus' Gauls, ere winter rains descend,
Frame wattle bowers; nigh where, in the next age,
Was builded, in this plain, the city Santhia,
Neighbour to Vercellae. There, at few weeks' end,
Twelve thousand foot, come with Verpolitus,
Marching, in glittering ranks, with thousand horse.

On the after-morrow, blow Gauls' dukes loud war-horns!
Behold, to their Italic war, march forth
Great mingled host. And first the fields of Umbrians,
They waste: but Umbrians, on advantage, wait,
Beyond Ticinus, to assail the Gauls.
Was night, and ride aloft the stormy gods.
Red Taran, in his iron rumbling chariot,
Seemed split, with lightnings, the shut firmament.
Then Eormen, Frisian duke, to the dim flood,
With Brennus' license, leads chosen young warriors;
That the cold tide, in storm and rain, o'erswim;
Which passed, with arms; those Frisians climbed, unwares,
O'er the enemies' rampire: them, with dreadful yells,
Now chase, in panic fear, before their spears.
Whose outcries heard, betwixt the flaws of wind,
This side Ticinus, hastes Verpolitus

And Heremod, founden ford, to pass, with horse:
Whom follow then, in twilight, the *trimarch*;
For, in the East, now day begins to break.
Gauls then, the flying Umbrians kill, cut off;
Till risen the sun on height, o'er the wide earth.
Sith Umbrians, sent an embassage, sue to Brennus,
For peace, yielding Gauls fields, on this side Padus.
Brennus these, to Cisalpine Gauls, assigns,
Erst conquered lands: which done, Verpolitus,
Made sacrifice to Gauls' common gods and feast,
His aids leads home, now winter, to their hearths.

Ending that moon, came solemn embassage,
With Tuscan pomp. Clad in an azure stole,
With purple hem, before them, Arunt rides:
Was he of Clusium, royal magistrate.
Are tappets spread, where lights his sole to ground.
He lights, with herald, at Gauls' council tent,
Which boughs of mighty oaks, wide-tilted, made;
Where sit Gauls' kings. Of him, Duke Heremod asks,
Through an interpreter, what land's king he is?
He, lifting his two hands, asks aid of Gauls.
Him foully aggrieved Lucamon, prince, his ward;
And outraged Thania, his wife; aye, and these true
lords,

Which were his friends, exiled, whereto, now, hath
Lucamon seized on Clusium's royal state.
Are twenty marches, hence, his city walls,
The Apennines beyond. Will kings of Gauls
Be entreated of him, unto whom, he lifts
These suppliant palms ; so that he come again,
Unto his own, in Tuscan Clusium ;
He a temple edify will to Gauls' just gods,
And will with Gauls, allies henceforth, divide
Both cattle and lands. This said, went Arunt forth.
  Queen Fridia, this same night, in sacred vision,
Beheld her spouse, like hird, with hounds and flock.
And he a she-wolf and her great-grown cubs,
Smote ; whose lair was in seven-folded hill,
All white-strewed with men's bones ; whose orphans' cries
Raught even to men's ears, in Gaul and Almaigne.
  Kings sit in council : the next eve, to Arunt,
Responds king Brennus. The Transalpine Gauls,
Yet landless, grant his asking. They, with Arunt,
Will the third morrow march, in aid, towards Clusium.
  Whilst, to their gods, priests sacrifice, cast lots
Transalpine Gauls ; to know who to that war,
Of mingled Gauls' and Almains' host, should fare.

Lot-chosen with Brennus, is Verpolitus,
Now newly arrived. To ethling Heremod, falls,
That he with Fridia, in Santhia camp, abide :
(There should the queen have rest,) and the main army.
The third day's dawn, that chosen power march forth,
With blowing trumps, as thirty thousand spears.
Parts Fridia, weeping, sacred prophetess,
From Brennus, her loved spouse, for daily grows
Her womb's chaste burden. Mounts mongst the *trimarch*,
Great Brennus, goodliest man of all the Gauls.
She, Nertha's priestess then to temple walls,
(Rampire of sods, which builded have armed hands,
Of who found pious, most, mongst Gauls and Almains,
About her hearth, who named is greatest goddess ;
And that the mighty Alps with them hath passed,)
Gone up ; long time beholds his raven crest ;
Who aye the forward holds, with Tuscan Arunt,
Shining, from far, midst Gauls' departing spears.
Through uplands rich, with tumult dread of arms,
As winter stream, in some dry land, down-rolls,
Pass forth, before forsaken towns, those Gauls.
But they, to none, do hurt ; nor gather preys.

To Trasimene's lake, arrived at length,
They lodge, in standing camps ; so counsels Arunt :
For he hath tiding, how Etruscan states,
(Twelve hill-set cities, closed in, with strong walls,)
Hold, in that peril, common parliament.
  Those send to Trasimene soon, to Brennus,
Orators : but these did army of tall Gauls
Mock, seen men lapped, like corses, to their feet,
In blanket weed. Moreo'er such, that time, was,
Mongst Sénones' wives, the guise, to swaddle babes !
Erst seemed those chide then, in loud tongue, uncouth,
With Arunt, that he brings in Gauls' armed powers,
Which Italy threaten. They require then Brennus,
With insolent voice, from all their coasts, remove.
To them made, shortly, through interpreters,
Answer, the king of Gauls ; and they would cede,
To Gauls, a third part of their uneared fields,
Might they have peace. And else, he sternly spake,
Look they for war ; wherein Gauls wont, by far,
In valour, men of all wide earth, to pass.
  In this extremity, Clusians send to Rome,
Great Sabine city, in wide Latin plain.
Their messengers so did put on, day and night ;

They come, to gates of Rome, when morning breaks.
To temple of Bellona, assembled is,
Which in Mars' field, in haste, that city's senate ;
To hear grave message of a neighbour state.
The embassadors, then, at large, their city's merits,
To them expound ; and what the antique faith,
Twixt Rome and Clusium. Lastly those, set forth
The public peril, ask, with them, gainst Gauls,
Were Rome confederate, by their common gods.
Uprose Rome's consuls, clad in purple weed,
With ivory sceptre-rods, in their right hands,
From their high stalls ; they ask then sentences,
Of those grave sires. The fathers with one voice,
Respond (for troubled have their minds the gods ;)
Be not that aid, those crave of Rome, denied.
Three, from among them, Fabii, one man's sons,
(Were those young men of noblest house, in Rome,)
They send then parley with Transalpine Gauls.
From Trasimene, levied camps, the Gauls
Now approach Clusium, Camers named, of old ;
Fenced with high walls and gates and battled towers,
Of mighty stones. Her shining brazen roofs,
Like nothing seen in Gaul, those warriors rude,

Do most admire. Gauls march unto that part,
To lodge, where wondrous builded monument,
Of spires, by magic spell, seems hang in the air.
Is that the antique tomb of Lars Porsenna,
Who conqueror, erewhile, was of Sabine Rome.
Gauls sit then down, tumultuously, to dine.
Soon, to their camps, who orators are of Rome,
From Clusium gates, outride, in glittering harness.
Heralds uprise, to meet them, mongst tall Gauls:
And them convey, with worship, to king Brennus;
With whom sit captains and Verpolitus.
Through an interpreter, the three Fabii speak,
Proudly, with fond strange jetting of their necks,
Lifting of shoulders, casting forth of palms,
In their Italic guise. With frank stern voice,
Responds king Brennus, of Transalpine Gauls,
Till now, had Gauls not heard named Latian Rome;
Nathless, they esteem, some warlike town is Rome;
Whence neighbour peoples, (sending in their peril,)
Wont seek them aid in arms. Contemn not Gauls,

Though valorous, proffered peace. Let Clusians
give,
And would they purchase peace, part of their
fields,
Unto land-lacking Gauls. With haughty port,
Answering no word, turn Fabii their horse-necks ;
So rode, again, with speed, to Camers' walls :
Where come ; they, entered in the theatre,
The citizens persuade, (who with their senate,
Gather to hear them,) that all arm them straight ;
And Clusians, sallying, from all ports, at once,
Erect, without, deep phalanx ; and on Gauls,
Fall, heavy now with unwont wine and meat.

BOOK IV

ARGUMENT

THE three Fabii. Fray before Clusium walls. Lucamon slain, and Arunt is established king in Clusium. Brennus sends to Rome, requiring that were rendered the three Fabii, unto Gauls. Gauls march against the Romans. Battle at Allia brook. Brennus' Gauls, come to Rome, enter at an open port. King Brennus, at day, salutes the City's gods. He rides in Briton chariot, through Roman streets. Ambustus, found sitting, proudly, in his hall, is slain. The vestals and unarmed citizens are suffered, by the Gauls, to pass freely forth. Young Gaulish warriors scale the temple-rock.

Brennus, sick of a fever, departs his army, in three powers. Messengers, with grave tidings, come in from Santhia camp. King Brennus makes peace with Rome. He ascends to Tibur.[1] Messengers come, from Centigern, in Roman field. Brennus sends back chariots and the trimarch. Onset of chariots. Romans turn their backs. Centigern's funerals, at Tibur. Lords of Clusium come forth, to meet Brennus, in his upward march: they bring him a victor's crown and victual. Gauls, hasting their armed journeys, come to field where are carcases lying, of slain Gauls.

Palarge. Fridia bears Sigamer, a son, to Brennus. Sedition of Palarge. His dastard's flight and death. Queen Fridia defends Santhia. Brennus returns, at morrow. Fridia, in prophetic vision, beholds Gauls' main camp in peril. Brennus and Heremod, leading out few warriors, run forth, in harness.

They approaching to Gauls' great camp, it find beset of enemies' multitude. Gauls sally from their wall. The flight of Umbrians. The fourth night, after, fugitives, of theirs, run by Santhia. Queen Fridia, issued with her women of war, cuts their rearward off. Tuscan cities now sue for peace. Tages' death. The aids, of Cisalpine Gauls, return home. A new embassy come from Arunt. Gauls sacrifice steeds, to their war-gods. They found the city Senogallia.

[1] Now Tivoli.

BOOK IV

ROME TAKEN BY THE GAULS OF BRITON BRENNUS

To arms, run Clusians, in their master street;
Where thronging, they do morions on and harness.
Their magistrates cast up then the city's gates:
And shining host, with brazen helms and plate,
Troop shouting forth: who dukes, bear purple cloaks.
To order them, without, about their ensigns,
Was space uneath; seen running long-haired Britons,
With spended bows, their enemies to meet.
And yet is only fought, with far-shot shafts:
Then issue from the town, impetuous,
Horsemen, whose captains Fabii are discerned,
By their helms' crests and Sabine shields and arms!
Approached first Quintus, on ferocious horse,
His lance, against the Gauls, hurled headlong forth.
The Armorican duke, stout Amrigol, it pierced.
Sith, Quintus hurt, with glaive, Verpolitus.
Tuscans new sight behold, to them uncouth!

Chariots of Britons, two men in each cart,
On bronze-hooked running axe-trees, hurling darts.
Clusians' steeds, flying from them, through the plain,
Their riders cast. Waver the citizen legion :
They come not on. Then Arunt sent a trumpet,
And bade them fear not : the Transalpine Gauls,
Who with him marched, are friends magnanimous.
Halt they, and Gauls will cease upon their part.
Recoil then Clusians, to their stony walls.
Brennus, betwixt the hosts, outrides with Arunt.
And lo, of Clusians' part, face to the earth,
Guilty Lucamon, bruised of horses' hoofs !
For Briton chariots overdrave his corse,
Lies uneath to be known ; the black gore, run
So is in all his face. Dire prophecy he,
To eschew, issued, men say, in a disguise :
But, thrilled by an arrow, foundered his war-horse,
(When now he held almost the city's port,)
And wallowing on him all his chest to-burst.
A cripple wont, for alms, sit at that gate,
Beheld his fall, bewrayed it for reward.
Did passage then deny that Clusian folk,
To the damned carcase, through their city walls.
All cry out, they submit them to king Arunt.
To camp, return a band, Armoricans ;

Which Amrigol bear, on large pavese,[1] slain,
Their duke. Did off his raven-helm king Brennus ;
And all his lords stand with uncovered heads.
They honour thus, whilst those pass forth, the corse.
Men, on his steed, upstay Verpolitus ;
At sight whereof, is ferment in all hearts,
Of Gauls; which cry out on truce-breaking Romans.
Nathless; will, erst, king Brennus send to Rome,
His heralds ; of that city to require,
Delivered the three Fabii were to Gauls,
Which truth of nations' brake : that, for the death,
Of Amrigol, and for hurt Verpolitus,
They, at the hands of Gauls, should suffer death.
Cisalpine Gauls, are those he sends to Rome.
Now, on vast shining host of Gauls, the sun
Descends ; when issue from the city walls,
A train, with olive branches in their hands.
Priests are these, and the senate of that town :
Which led before king Brennus, do confirm,
All Clusians will again receive king Arunt.
They promise, and ask, peace, of glorious Brennus.
They also will third part of their outfields,
Divide, as covenant was, unto his Gauls.
Heralds and messengers of Transalpine Gauls,

[1] A shield.

Lo, come, at morrow's eve, to quadrate Rome.
Being gathered, to give audience, Rome's proud senate,
With only injurious silence, do respond.
Then from their *curia* went forth Brennus' legates ;
Where they Numerius saw, Koeson and Quintus,
Truce-breaking Fabii three, sit in chief place ;
(Which to Rome town, before them, were come home.)
The same night, they, with speed, return to Brennus,
And the army at Clusium. Rise, tumultuous,
At trumpets' dreadful note, then angry Gauls ;
And, with vast cry, (fore-riding the *trimarch*,)
They now hold way leads to truce-breaking Rome :
And hardly, at night, the Gauls, impatient, rest.
Is Latium full then in men's fearful ears,
Of immense rumour, more than mortals' voice.
Seem ride dread gods, in warfare of tall Gauls !
So speed they, tidings hardly come to Rome,
Before their march. In city of Romulus,
Have chosen the people captains of their powers,
Those sons of Fabius. Hastily snatch their arms,
Then Roman youth, heard coming of fierce Gauls.
Helmed, harnessed, they from all Rome's ports, outrush,
Without due order kept. Who knights, mount horse.

All issued seemed Rome's fatal city dead,
So sullen left, forsaken, her strait streets.
Might Fabii loosely them array uneath,
At the twelfth milestone, this side Allia brook.
Already Gauls, with dreadful cries, approach.
They go up, giants of stature, like a wall,
Immane, of shields ; and heart-amazing sounds
Their uncouth battle-shout. Armoricans, erst,
Burst Romans' front. Yet riseth wave on wave,
Of the huge, bloody tide of war. Break war-carts,
Of Britons, soon, the Romans' horns of horse,
Then fall in heaps, unwont to turn their backs,
The Latin youth. They, like to slaughter beasts,
Die in their blood. Who rest, then flee aghast,
O'erthrown, they fly, in routs, an heartless press,
From Gauls and angry gods. The most then cast,
Death chasing at their necks, their shields and arms.
To Tiber, the first fugitives arrive,
Romans with Romans, there, contend for life ;
So waxed they mad, for dread, who first should pass.
They hear shout terribly the dread Gauls' king Brennus,
Hurling sharp shivering javelins where he rides.
Each smites to death some chief one of the Romans.
Hard after swift-horsed Quintus, Brennus drives,
Quintus, first author of the Latin wrong.

Even now his Cantion steeds do breathe hot breath,
Which hurt Verpolitus guides, in Quintus' neck.
Falls noble Marcius, of the knights of Rome;
Sulpicius, then and Claudius, Brennus pierced,
And Curtius, tribunes. Now he smites Quirinus,
Prætor, to death, and Sabine Lartius,
Virginius, rich Posthumius and stout Lucius;
Then Geminus Vectius, master of the horse,
Slain in the backward, mongst thick throngs, in flight.
And follow flower of Britons and king's sons,
With great cries, Brennus in his chase of Quintus.
He, would he fight or flee, mongst Roman knights,
Known by his horse-tail crest, is still borne forth.
For would not Brennus, yet, the felon smite,
With javelin, as desiring him to wreak,
On Fabius' son, for hurt Verpolitus,
With his Cheruscan glaive. Then, for this chase
Too long endures, nor longer will king Brennus
Abide; he drew a mighty bow, in chariot.
Betwixt the shoulders, pierced the bloody shaft,
And issued at his neck! and fell young Fabius,
As apple from the rise,[1] down from his horse;
And seemed the earth beat back the felon's corse.

[1] Anglo-Saxon *hris*, a bough or twig. *Apples ripe and cherries in the rise*, is one of the old cries of London.

Lighted, with shout, hurt king Verpolitus,
And, angry, offhewed, with glaive, head of false Quintus.
Hunts swift-foot Vellorix, on Gauls' further front,
The Roman routs; till on bright Phocian blade,
Stiffened, had hundred slain, that hero's hand;
And was his tunic black with swart war-gore.
Under the glaive of the least man of war,
In Gauls' great host, fell, that day, many Romans.
Gauls' slaughter nighs to yellow Tiber's brinks;
Where cast their bootless arms, the city-youth,
And hideous is the press. Much part, thrust down,
Which cannot swim, did in the eddies perish.
Other which beat forth, swimming, in the flood;
What for their hauberks' weight, or their limbs clipped
Of drowning wights, drench. Mongst his blood-stained streams,
Is fame, before the fearful Romans rose,
With frozen looks and side-long dropping beard;
And spake, with aweful voice, that river's god,
Saying, None perjurers should his currents pass:
Yet hid he someones in his hollow brinks,
Youth pious towards the gods; which the same night,
Returned; to city of Veii, last arrive.
Yet other, which came erst to Tiber's flood;

(And waded some, to further part, found ford,)
And outwent Gauls, run on, before, towards Rome.
Vowed to their gods all preys, then Gauls not stayed,
To spoil dead foes, but trophies hastily raise,
Magnanimous, in the field, of Roman arms,
Great gathered heaps. And erst at Brennus' word,
They Roman steeds cast in that river's flood.
March on, with tumult dread, then blood-stained Gauls,
Sun sets, when they at Rome's great gate arrive;
Even in the neck of her last fugitives:
That port stands open wide! In strait dim ways,
Strange-smelling, who then of uplandish Gauls
Enter, (for so slight conquest doth amaze
Their hearts; as dreading aye some secret fraud,)
Go not far forth. Only they, nigh that port,
Few houses fired. But Brennus, set strong guard,
That night, in the next street, of trusty champions.
The army lodge, without Rome's quadrate walls,
Where weary, in long unrest, this night they pass,
Which full of shrill lament, is in their ears.
Rome's matrons wailing, from their temple hill,
The Latin name, now dead, and fall of Rome.
Dreadful with light of flame, is that dark watch,
And horrid rumour of oft rushing roofs.

Entered, with shining host, at day, king Brennus,
He reverent, in Gauls' tongue, salutes what gods
Do keep this city, from their market-place;
Whose temple, in yond cliff, guides come from Arunt,
Him show; and rock where Romans lodge in arms.
Which long considers Brennus and admires.
Whose heart gins swell, with manner of disdain;
For that swart, guileful, little kind of men,
Which yester, at first battle stroke, fled forth.
Therein, five thousand watch, young Roman warriors;
Which thence gaze down on them, their enemies.
Unto whom king Brennus, glory of the Gauls,
Lifting up his great voice, Verpolitus,
His words interpreting, in Etruscan tongue,
Cries, And they would be saved, let them descend,
To parley; and fear they not the truth of Gauls.
For injury, satisfaction must be made,
Done to the faith of nations and the gods:
And they, moreo'er, shall number certain poise
Of gold, Rome's ransom. And, for Amrigol,
By Quintus Fabius' treachery, slain at Clusium,
Must them, of silver, a man's weight be paid.
So having said, great Brennus, like a god,
That sunbright shines, in glorious Gaulish harness,
Departed, leaving squadrons in that place,

Of Gauls : and he ascending the next hill,
Hight Palatine, the Sabine city viewed,
Bulwarks, wide walls, fanes of strange Rome's great gods.
Sith rode, with the *trimarch*, the king through Rome;
Wherein, at first, he lodged ten thousand men,
In cross-ways, open places, temple courts.
Yet so that none from other further station,
Than might reach a man's voice. In chariot, stands
Brennus, with Vellorix; and Gauls' martial tread,
Which shook the Alps, shakes now wide-builded Rome,
And in their temples tremble Latin gods.
When silent, captive, lies, at afternoon,
The city; wander Gauls in Roman streets,
By companies, and in houses and in halls,
They enter; and thence, wondering, draw forth preys,
Which, heaped in open places, to Gauls' gods,
Much precious stuff, will they, by fire, consume.
Were some, which entered in a temple court,
Helvetians: there they marvel see one sit,
Old reverend sire, on throne of ivory!
Whose eyes like coals, under his frozen brows;
Them seems some ancient purpled magistrate,
Of Rome's forsaken city. Ingenuous Gauls,
Such deeming, gin salute him in their guise.

Some, touched his raiment, ask, in their land's speech,
What be'st thou for a man, that thus here sittest?
Recording one, with sigh, his father old,
His long long hoary beard, gan gently smooth.
That sullen Roman lifts his sceptre rod,
Of glancing ivory, and the young warrior smote.
Shot through his heart an angry flame, disdains
The warlike child: uplifts his strong right hand,
His spear, yet, generous, in the midst, suspends;
Pitying, in that old wight, his father's years.
One came in then of the Cisalpine Gauls;
Who, using Tuscan speech, began to ask
That sire his name. But aye he holds his peace,
And lofty port. Now fortuned this man was
A faithful servant to Verpolitus;
Who lately, come interpreter unto Rome,
With Brennus' heralds, entered in their senate.
This Gaul, still gazing on his Roman face,
Quoth, Father of the Fabii, is certes this;
Even so looked Quintus, and this, who is Fabius,
His voice first gave, against us, in their senate.
Die, thrice accursed, he cries, thou of Gauls' gods!

And pierced him, that like stock, in purple cloth,
On ivory sits, dispiteous, with his dart.
As when that goodly bird, cock-of-the-woods,[1]
From cedar's bough, plumbs, thrilled of hunter's shaft;
And with his own gore, on the forest earth,
His dying pride is stained; on that paved floor,
So fell this father of the Roman senate.
His long white beard his spouting blood distains,
And toga and sceptre, amidst his enemies.
That Gaul, then, scornful, girds off his hoar head:
And brings sith forth, to Rome's great market-place;
In sight of Romans, on their temple rock.
And sets up all gore-dripping, as it was,
On lance which yesterday slew many Romans.
Thus dies Ambustus, priest of the Red Mars,
For his sons' guilt, who vowed, with dreadful rites,
His soul, for Rome, to their infernal gods!
And were not then Ambustus slain of Gauls,
Should not great Sabine Rome have ruled the world.
Have Gauls, to-day, which through this city wend,
Found many hid in cellars, or in holes
Of their house walls, old spent men, children, wives,
That flit, like bats, Rome's wretched multitude;
Whom the defenders of yond temple hill,

[1] The caper-caillie, so called.

Shut out from safety and the Latin gods.
Suffer all such poor wights, magnanimous Gauls,
To creep forth, freely, from their city's ports.
And Brennus caused, to be proclaimed with trumpet;
Who fled to sanctuary is of any god,
Fear not come forth. All such might freely pass,
Ere this sun sets. Soon suppliant citizens,
Yet in sore dread, for danger of the Gauls,
More bleak of face than their lapped wadmel weed,
Come trembling in the ways. Those fear the more,
Seen Gauls' outlandish guise, stern men of war,
Immane of stature, uncouth visages,
Whom party-coloured tunics clothe and braies;
Whose watches set in corners of all streets.
Now, by Suburra and Sacra, long paved ways,
To Rome's wide forum, flows white togate press,
Neath hills Capitoline and high Palatine,
Of fatal Rome. Those lift their piteous hands,
Whom tall armed Gauls hem round and horse and chariots,
Up to that quadrate hill of Rome's trine gods.
Eftsoons, from mouth to mouth, runs murmured voice,
Whose sense Gauls read not. Range Rome's reeling press
Them then, and open lane, from part to part;

That sacred pomp might pass : at whose approach,
This bare-crowned people, sign of mourning, cast
Large lap of their white mantles on their faces.
Whilst yet the Gauls admire, with bills and rods,
(Tall Gauls have these now taken from their hands,)
And pompous train, come sergeants of Rome's town.
Trace matrons then, with solemn dancing tread ;
Whom sue six virgins, Hestia's priestesses.
In linen amices, with purple hem,
Lo, girded come those sacred noble maids,
Bearing from temple of the firmament,
(All lapped in purple veils,) their holy things.
They bring great Rome's palladium in a pot,
Of earth ; and fire from ever-burning hearth.
Gazing on whose acorn-hewed visages,
Were heard denying some tall fair-haired Gauls,
That they would, of such maidens, take them wives!
Follow, behind those closed, then Roman throngs :
Sith by that bridge of Ancus Martius,
Of beams, o'er sallow Tiber's flood, they pass.
All go up to hill-browed Janiculum.
And there fenced orchards are and vines ; where wonne,
Poor potherb garden-folk, that purvey Rome.
In cisterns these, at coming of tall Gauls,

Them hid and wells. Under a fig-tree hedge,
Now stand their few yoke-kine, by walled wayside.
But those poor wights, the sacred pomp beholding,
Pray on the wains, even in their children's stead,
Those holy things, saved from the Gauls, were laid.
This done the idols, lo, of fatal Rome,
Drawn forth of tardy oxen. Those arrive,
To Caere, a city of safeguard, at late eve.

In Tuscan tongue, tall heralds of king Brennus,
Each dawn, proclaim, that Fabii render Rome.
Brennus commands to fire, each afternoon,
New city ward ; if haply, and such might bend
Foes' stubborn wills. In no wise would offend,
The king, by armed assault, that temple hill,
Abode of Rome's great trine Saturnian gods.
Him warns Carmenta, nymph, whose myrtle grove,
And well-spring mount Capitoline beneath ;
Pleased that her precinct did preserve the Gauls,
Pure from all stains. Is Rome's two-headed rock,
Both temple and arx, hewn quadrate round about,
Like to a city's wall, by antique art.
One noon, were certain Gauls of that day's watch,
Young men, bruised of some hurled-down barley cakes,

With mocking vaunt, out of the temple rock.
Then mongst their fellows, at the supper fires,
Those sware to wreak them. Threescore, this next night,
Unknown unto their captains, lo, upmount,
(Night lighted of few stars,) with hardy heart,
Tempting to scale Rome's arx, by strong effort ;
Where stand few harder stones, as stairs, thereout.
Those bear short stabbing glaives, betwixt their teeth :
On their forearms, are lapped, for shields, their cloaks.
First Alopin, ladder, of strong shoulders, stooped,
Makes : each one, stedfast then, his fellow uplifts.
Each upholds other : thus they mount, from steep,
To steep. Romans forewatched, in summer heat,
And sick of corses' stench and famishment,
With slumber's pleasant weight, lie now oppressed :
Where entered, like some night-fowl, barefoot, Gauls,
Gin sleepers pierce : whose groaning spirits pass.
Them lacked but Fortune, else had of few Gauls,
That night, been won the rock of fatal Rome.
For waked, in Juno's fane, her sacred geese,
Gaggling ! Start heavy then, from troubled sleep,
Romans. Men, caught their arms, blow dying fires :
Cometh, running, Manlius, soon, with six score spears,
And Roman knights : gainst few young valiant Gauls.

Might those, not long, then poise sustain of Romans.
They to Tarpean breastwork overborne,
Backward, being few ; and that with many wounds,
Most fall, there slain ; and dreadful the rest hurl,
Headlong ! Sith Romans all give thanks to Manlius :
And bring him, each, for their lives saved and Rome,
Gifts, barley cakes ; and their scant cades of wine.
Nor many days, ere scarcity is of corn,
In the army also of beleaguering Gauls.
Then Brennus, who on sick-bed lies, in Rome,
Tossed of a summer fever, in three powers,
Departs his army. The Saturnian hill,
Part left round-sieging, he another sends,
To search through Roman field, with horse and chariots,
For victual : duke of these is Centigern.
The third, his sick, he sends, with Caturix ;
To Tibur city, on the neighbour hills.
Vast silence, sith, is in beleaguered Rome,
Wasted and burned. Among her ruinous heaps,
Languish the Gauls ; like weary, then, are Romans.
Pale Famine looks down from their temple hill.
Gaul that meets Gaul, with straitened brows, requires
Tiding of Brennus, who comes no more forth :
Nor found is leechdom, for these foreign ills ;
And the air is full of reek of funerals.

Rumour of disadventure springs, mongst Gauls.
Is noised, were Heremod's war-hounds seen, by night,
Run in Rome's streets. Then messengers are come in,
Cisalpine Gauls; that, night-time, journeying, hid,
In some thick brakes, have every daylight lain.
These secret word, from Santhia, bring to Brennus,
How Boii and Lingones, false Cispadine Gauls,
To Umbrian-Tuscan league, would join their powers.
Then Brennus made, for one day, truce with Romans.
Descend their consuls, parley with the Gauls.
Hungry their plight, and squalid is their weed.
Have eyes as wolves, these Romans! For their lives,
And their rock saved and fane of Rome's great gods,
They covenant to pay ransom, thousand pounds'
Weight of burned gold. They sware, are Fabii dead,
And are mansworn. Behold, made this accord,
Their magistrates bring forth, from Juno's porch,
Coined gold. Gauls' dukes, some taking in their hands,
Admire strange effigies, of wolf-suckled kings!
Sith, lo, fetched forth, (for yet there lacketh poise,
Of gold,) that temple's uphanged ornaments!
Last bring their jewels mourning wives of Rome:

And all weighs Gabius, at their temple stairs.
Looks godlike Brennus on, magnanimous:
But Gauls' king, spying their Italic malice,
Guileful in weights, his broad Cheruscan brand,
(Lamp of Transalpine Gauls, and Heremod's Almains!)
Into that other basket, scornful, cast;
And, Woe, unto who vanquished! sternly spake;
The remnant he forgives, impetuous:
So loud commands, blow the repair, through Rome.
He mounts then chariot, with Verpolitus.
Gauls, gathered ready, in the ruinous streets,
Then gladly pass dim threshold of Rome's gates.
Upon that orchard hill, they lodge all night,
Which Pincian sith was named: and speedy chariots,
The king, to Centigern, sends, warning return,
Out of the fields; for he at morrow, ascends,
With the main host, to Caturix, duke, at Tibur.
At new day, turns his back, the glorious Briton,
Upon great perjured, ransomed, ruinous Rome,
Which yet doth burn and smoke. They upland march;
And glad are Gauls, as in that summer heat,
To reach fresh breathing coast. Nigh Tibur's gates,
Now noon, the royal leathern booth is stretched,

Where of Albunea is, (fatidic nymph,)
The fountain-oracle and cool cedar grove.
And Brennus cast in, of the Roman gold,
In her clear pool, mongst captains of his Gauls.
Then, running, two men seen, that breathless, quite,
Approach! Who first, is a tall Briton Gaul:
Who next an Almain; both with deadly looks,
And both of the light armed. These, first of five
Men, runners, from duke Centigern, arrive.
Duke Centigern, is, they cry, beset of Romans!
At even, the king's message he received;
That captain blew then trumpet, to call in,
From field, his scattered bands, to fence of banks,
Which had they cast about a castel-hill;
Whence he, ere morning star, to-night should march.
There they, in squadrons, were lain down to sleep,
Set slender ward. All slumbering, towards midnight,
Men marching, by the moon, with glittering spears,
In the low plain, by way of Veii, pass.
Barked war-hounds, whence those, that were Romans armed,
Halted, perceived their camp; and seemed consult.
Formed phalanx, then, they mount up to assault.
Was duke of Romans some chief magistrate,
Who rode mongst shining axes, and Camill,

Was heard his shouted name. (Their captain, he
Was, who, with ten years' siege, wan Veii; Rome,
Of Gauls, was taken, in an afternoon!)
The full moon shone from clouds: mounted those foes,
Deep wavering ranks of bronze. But not few Gauls,
Vext by a fever, hardly manage arms.
Duke Centigern shouted, Who, swift-foot, this tiding
Might bring unto king Brennus; should his name
Aye sound, in lays, of the victorious Gauls!
Outlept then five; and brake through battled Romans.
Brennus sends hundred speedy chariots;
And he commands, mount with them the *trimarch*,
To succour Centigern: and cries, angry in heart;
They fire all village-steads round, to the walls
Of ransomed Rome. Those, lo, as storm, depart.
They hold swift course down to Ciminian wood.
Was lighting now the sun, to her late eve,
When they draw nigh, to place, where, Cerdix duke,
(For fallen is Centigern, in the long night strife!
Whom Cadivor succeeding, soon was slain,)
Yet fight the Gauls, by multitude, beset.
Yonder, behold, a valorous remnant, Gauls
And mingled Almains, that defend the bank!
Wounded the most, for weariness, pant the rest;

That each, gainst many, and having no more darts,
Hurl stones. The wheels, the war-hounds, the *trimarch*,
Of Brennus, like to storm, out of the north,
Arrive! Leap Briton warriors down, from carts.
And they, now, falling on the Romans' necks,
Hew shields, pierce hauberks, of hard-tempered bronze.
Break the *trimarch* through Romans, with stiff spears.
In fury, outrushing some sick Gaul, mongst Romans,
Camillus smote. Then Romans draw back foot,
They lose their ranks; they turn, they flee aghast.
Fast after them pursues, then the *trimarch*,
Killing and slaying to Ciminian wood.
Gauls, late besieged, now sit, to sup and rest:
Then bind their bleeding wounds, among the dead.
Thereafter, delving, with their glorious glaives,
The Latin sod, bury their weary hands,
The slain. But Centigern, they, the friend of Brennus,
Lay in a chariot, in his bloody harness;
To burn at Tibur. All their hurt and sick
Warriors, (like harvest corn, whose yellow looks,)
And victual, which had gathered Centigern,
They bring, in Roman wains. But the *trimarch*
Ride forth to warry and waste, burn and cut off,
Even to the ransomed walls of fatal Rome.

The rest, with Cerdix duke, be come, that night,
Weary, to Tibur. Brennus, Centigern dead,
With his own royal hands, lifts from the chariot.
Then gathered mourning Gauls much funeral wood,
Under the stars ; they strew, sith, a vast pyre.
And when long-haired Carnutes' priests have laid,
Thereon, the corse ; it kindles the king's torch.
Priests cast his ashes into Anio's flood,
Which streams by Rome ; but over his white bones,
At day, mound Gauls, eternal monument.
Brennus, enquiring of the Sibyl, learns ;
(Who bubbling rundles, in her sacred pool,
Of cast-in gifts interprets,) shall burned Rome,
This, they leave vanquished, great-grown in late age,
Through all the world, rear trophies of her arms.
One day they rest, at morrow next, remove.
Riding great Brennus, in his battle-cart,
The Briton prince, oft, casts back mourning looks,
Towards that swart mounded mould ; wherein he leaves
The bones of Centigern, ah, in hostile march !
Who now with Brennus, in the royal chariot,
Communing rides, is swift-foot Vellorix ;
That with a daily fever vexéd is,
Malice of demon of the soil of Rome.
With the Cisalpine duke, Verpolitus,

(Whose warlike front, where he received new wound
In Roman field, with healing herbs, is bound,)
Next follows swart Ligurian Caturix.
Gauls four days, upward march. At the fifth camp,
Etruscan lords them meet, with flocks from Arunt,
And droves ; and that bring with them, in long wains,
Third part of Clusium's fruits, corn, oil and wine.
And Arunt sends, gold-wrought, a victor's crown,
To Brennus, battled like a city's wall.
Thence, Brennus, marched ; with all convenient speed,
Contends a month of days, towards Heremod,
And his loved spouse. Last, after many camps,
O'er a wide valley-plain, where they arrive ;
Gauls, in the lift,[1] (abominable sight !)
See carrion fowl, which tire upon the dead.
And lo, on a foul, gore-stained, trod-down grass,
Gaping upright, slain, spoiled, of upper weed,
Lie long-haired Gauls, (ah, who hath wrought this scathe !)
Dead steeds, strewed broken furnitures ; rusted arms,
Already with night dews ; and yet are found,
None enemies' here unburied carcases ;
But embers found, ben, warm, in many hearths !
Declare, for thou it only canst, the cause,

[1] Anglo-Saxon *lyft*, the air, atmosphere.

O, Muse. The main host left, in Santhia camp,
Called by Biellan was in hasty aid,
(What days was Heremod ridden to parliament;
And namely of Boii and Lingones, neighbour tribes,)
To ward the confines of king Biandrante.
Marched the same tide; false Lingones' bands, joined camps,
To that wayfaring army of stranger Gauls.
But, sith, being noised king Brennus' death, in Rome;
By covert night, they an Etruscan legion,
With a strong power received, of Umbrian spears:
Who part then of the host, of slumbering Gauls,
Here in this field, by bloody fraud, oppressed.
Moreover envy of Fame's trumpet breath,
Had swelled the recreant breast of one Palarge,
Picton,[1] who Cadivor followed to the war,
And like was he, in arms and counsel, naught;
But painted words, as puddle blebs, whereon,
A little moment shines the sun, could frame.
His fond intent was, draw away the Gauls,
From Almain Heremod, promising unto all,
Which follow him, divide rich Umbrian soil.
Brennus is dead, he cries: behoves Gauls choose
A man, to be their king, in Brennus' room;

[1] One of the *Pictones*; whose chief town is now called Poitiers.

But not an Almain from beyond the Rhine.
He, and his friends, the Alps would liever pass,
Again and turn, freemen, to their own soil.
Then were there many found, foolhardy Gauls,
Which followed forth, by night-time, fond Palarge;
But few of Almain kin, disloyal sons,
Whose sires, with sires had warred of Heremod.
Was Fridia, queen and sacred prophetess,
To certain river isle, twixt Vercellae
And Santhia, now withdrawn; being nigh her time,
Which unto women, heaven's decree assigned.
She dwells in shadow of cool alder grove;
And oft, for tarries long the king, she weeps:
But Nertha comforts her, that lives yet Brennus.
Then many sighs she casts, soon to bring forth.
Few noble women, with her, in that place,
Go gathering herbs, meet for their lady's need.
In midday vision, Nertha her forewarns,
(Goddess which passed the Alps, that wall the world,
With Gauls in arms,) that stream should rise in flood;
Which sign is sent from favourable gods,
That Sigamer, thus shall be called her son,
Is born victorious king of Gauls and Almains.
Then Fridia, wakened, passed beyond the stream,
To a green hill: whereon, mongst cedars sweet,

Gauls, which left sick in Santhia were ; wide bower
Now build for her. Sith they, at the hill's foot,
Watch round in arms. When rose, after day's heat,
Night wind, from the fresh streams, fell childing pains,
On Fridia ; and she her women helpers calls.
Nor 'sdeigned the blue-eyed goddess self descend,
In form of Helga, on whom she cast dead sleep,
The queen's Cheruscan nurse. And she embraced,
With love divine her priestess, in her smart ;
Between whose knees, now falls, nigh middle-night,
Child Sigamer, germ of the hero Brennus,
Noursling of Nertha. Berhta aided her,
And Holda, which being handmaids of the goddess,
Are women half divine. Sleeps Fridia anon.

Bellow the vaulted heavens ; that Taran smites,
Like targe, and flings down lightnings from his hand,
Which pierce the clouds, and leap upon the ground ;
And falls much rain ; the river roars in flood.
Wakes Fridia, happy, at dawn. A teeming mist,
She sees, wherein that new-birth of the sun,
The heavenly thing, and pathway to high gods ;
Which blissful shines, like many-hued spring,
Riding on the wide bosom of the ground :
Whereby already hath, with Berhta and Holda,
Returned the goddess, to divine abodes

The third day, risen, Fridia pale and faint,
From child-bed, royal Sigamer shows to Gauls:
That hail him, in both tongues, with joyous shout.
Then messengers run forth, men with guirlands crowned;
To city, whither went was Heremod.
With the ethling, thousand Gauls had marched and Almains,
Of the most valiant; and two hundred horse.
But laid false Lingones ambush, midst their path.
Heavy with meat, which sent them those forged friends,
The Almains slumber round their dying fires;
Dreading, in friendly soil, none evil turn.
In the dim night, draw nigh, with silent foot,
Like stealing beasts, whose prey is murdered blood,
Five thousand spears; and harnessed are their breasts:
But wind them Briton war-hounds, yet far off.
Rise up duke Heremod's men, in shielded ranks·
And come, lo, enemies, on, in the moonlight!
Reputing Heremod, then, he is betrayed,
Them calls by name; attesting the high gods,
That abhor perjury! Wonder seen then was,
In panic fear, fast flying Lingones,
For troubled the wood-demons their false hearts;

Whom seemed the oaks, the root-fast pines, remove
Against them, threatening still their crooked arms.
Duke Heremod viewed, at morning ray, nigh hand,
Some village in wood-side; whose people fled,
When he approached. Found corn there, Heremod fenced
That hill, with pales and rampire. Flocking host
Then, Boii, Tuscans, Umbrians, Lingones,
Have him enclosed. Heremod thence sent, by night,
His runners back, with tidings, to Gauls' camp,
At Santhia: but those in the forest paths,
Were all cut off; and daily did increase,
Which leaguer Heremod round, his enemies.

As for Palarge, he, blinded of the gods,
Had marched; and followed him tumultuous routs,
Having none certain ordinance nor ensigns,
Yet early, amidst the way, by trumpet's throat,
Palarge had caused himself to be proclaimed,
New king of all the Gauls, instead of Brennus.
But Mantua passed, men of false Lingones, guides,
Palarge beguiled; and they, his folk, by night,
Forsook, in a vast marish fen. Three days,
Those Gauls then wandered wretchedly, seeking paths;

Till they are spent, for hunger. The next night,
Assailed them, sleeping, army of Umbrians.
Who first then fled, and cast his craven shield;
Wherein portrayed that bird which highest soars,
But false Palarge, who uneath noble steed,
Base thrall, unapt to ride, ignoble, mounts.
He in his coward fear, that steed's proud crest,
And gracious mane, in his ungentle arms,
Embraced, fled fast away and left to loss,
His host; and they were scattered, save few Almains,
That loud invoking Woden, lord-of-spears;
And turned to Umbrians evermore their faces,
Sternly withdrew them, made wall of their shields;
And wan forth, at day's-red, to some dim wood.
But Umbrians having slain, till they were weary,
Gauls of Palarge, they, captives, all the rest,
Bind, like to beasts; and them will vend, for thralls,
In rich Etruria. As for that Palarge,
Unworthy to be named mongst martial Gauls,
He fled, he wist not whither, fled fast on;
And aye, from lofty sell, he dreads to fall.
From every shadow, shrinks his heart aghast,
And faints in the lean chamber of his breast.
At every gossamer weft, which thwarts his path,
He gasps, as cords which should him bind to death.

If woodhack sudden shrike, in lofty forest,
His spirit faileth. Flickers any leaf,
The hew all changed is, in the hilding's face :
He sweats, he blenches, doubting every bush ;
And hardly he caught, again, his dastard breath.
Noise of his own steed's hooves, rings in his ears,
As dread pursuing sound ; aye at his neck,
Him seems steel glide; andnigheth fast on swart death
He prays, with double heart, to Gauls' great gods.
And promised the false wretch them many gifts,
Nor would, were he once scaped, perform his oath.
Nor more repair to Gauls, the kestrel hath,
Whom he betrayed ; dread conscience only hath,
Of ill desert. And aye this pricketh on fast :
Half sliding from his sell, the lossel rides.
Where all before him seems dire dreadful dream :
Eachwhere, in enemies' march, an open grave.
He dieth thus, many times, before his death.
To tumbling brook, at length, he came, whose sound
Long frayed his ears ; and in the meadow green,
He caban spied aghast: yet nigher viewed,
Mongst children small, therein, was one 'lone wife.
Then lighted Palarge, and him proudly advanced ;
And standing high on nis distempered joints,
Made as though some great personage that he was !

Now turns from hunting, by this forest side;
Whence thus his weed to-torn, wind-blown, his locks.
And looking big and grim, the capon quoth,
Yester, discomfited were strange Gauls of Brennus;
Wherein he also, in battle, bare some stroke:
And from stout captain, whom, with spear, he smote,
This rochet took. Entered in that poor lodge,
He takes up there his inn; and asks to dine.
Howbe, Palarge, yet, made it somedeal quaint,
As so great one became. And that poor wife
Him served, of all, what little best, she hath.
  But his vile corse, with meat and drink, refreshed;
That spouse he, ah, foully oppressed! He slew her sith;
And slew her children small, dispiteous;
Which her defended, when she cried, alas!
Then seeing he needs must die; covered his face,
He would, with desperate hand, have slain himself,
Had he found heart; but Dread draws back the knife.
Yet slew he, in the valley, those few beasts;
Were all the livelihood of that poor place.
Sith, like mad wolf, he wandered, howling, forth.
  Was afternoon, when an armed Umbrian band,
Turning from battle; wherein spoiled and slain;
And namely of this Palarge, were stranger Gauls,

Him there have found. Great rout, they with them drive,
Of bounden captives; by some of whom known,
That madman those attach, Palarge, who stalks;
And prates aye to himself, with bloody knife.
As for the father of those little ones,
And husband of that wife, which with them was:
Beheld their murders, speechless, he and scathe,
Unto that river ran and drowned himself.
All Gauls detest Palarge, then, by their gods;
And ban the caitif, spitting on his face.
Stripped the mad wretch, they cause him by them pass;
And smiteth every hand his abject corse:
Which done, and even with his felon's knife,
They him unmanned, and cut out his false tongue.
Then made he signs, to signify his mind,
And spread his frenzied hands to angry gods.
But when now all were found his damned deeds,
Men, pierced the sinews, knit, so rapt to flight,
The kestrel's feet, to tail of his own horse;
Which Gauls, with bitter braids, smite and hoot forth.
Are broken the ribald's brows, at the first stone,
And bones; his loathed carcase burst anon.
His ghost torment yet kobolds of that fen.
Hurl on their way, great army of Lingones,

With Umbrian bands ; to assail new Santhia camp.
In Santhia, admonished by divine foresight,
Rose Fridia, yet from child-bed weak and faint;
And being armed with Nertha's divine targe,
She, in their midst, descends, whose gentle hands,
When they were sick, did wait upon their harms ;
And bearing Sigamer babe, the child of Brennus.
How quicken the Gauls' hearts, at so sweet sight !
And all they smile on her, with reverent looks.
At Fridia's word, though they perceive no cause,
All put themselves in warlike ordinance.
They cast then earthen wall about their camp,
Ring-wise : nor had they achieved to crown the dyke,
With pales, when brake from wood, forth, with vast shout,
That bordered Santhia plain, foes' blood-stained host,
(Wherefor more fell and dreadful their swart looks !)
Like Fridia, to some image of just gods,
Which look down on the froward deeds of men,
She stands, on thill-board of her wain ; and her
Full paps give suck to babe-king Sigamer :
Then in the arms of Osset, maiden thrall,
Who joying him received, the queen deposed.
Mounts Fridia now upon the walls, and bears
Bright sinewed bow : and quiver hangs of Brennus,

On the queen's shoulder, full of bearded shafts!
Her other hand that Woden-shield embraced,
Which covers yet a veil: and Nertha goddess,
Her bosom girds, with more than woman's force;
To be her people's captain, in these wars.
She, priestess, murmuring, vows the foes of Brennus,
To gods of death: so swart-winged scudding shaft,
To her bow-string fits; draws, and she it loost forth:
Riding wild airs, that arrow bears her curse,
Over the phalanxed enemies; and a twang
The bow-cord gave, which thrilled those foemen's hearts!
Stalks bloody braying Strife, betwixt the hosts,
And battle joins, with infinite hands, the fiend.
Fridia shoots rife; and Nertha guides her shafts,
That they the foes' chief ones attain; and, pierced,
Sinks many a glittering helm and nodding crest.
Like adder's tooth, their warm blood drink her shafts;
But shot of Umbrians idly, as rattling hail,
Fall from her shield divine. By Fridia, unseen,
The mother-goddess stands. Now Nertha marked,
Go certain by, in heaven, huge welken god,
Unto him she calls, on height anon, by name,;
Thou Derg! He then, like herdgroom of earth's ground,

Gathering swart clouds, to please her, like a flock ;
Them scruzed, as mighty udders, twixt his hands.
Ruins then on dim world, a windy flood ;
And so an hail smites, in the Umbrians' faces,
They might not, longer, hold the open field :
But draw them, fallen their dukes, to covert wood.
  They show themselves, at early morn, anew ;
Like wolves, that thirst for blood of those few Gauls,
Whose fence a woman's arm and Nertha's targe.
By her ensample and prophetic voice,
Fridia sustains new battle ; in what part
Had Santhia camp defect of hasty walls,
Till noon. Her right hand stretched then forth the queen,
Holding bright lance aloft, and cried, Comes Brennus !
And straight, inspired of Nertha, she unveiled
Her Woden targe. Recoil those harnessed foes,
In great amaze ; and cease to fight their hands.
  Nigh now the sun, in his ascending cart,
Midheight ; few armed men seen, like one man's flock,
Are on the plain, approaching, from South part.
Brennus before them, Heremod, swift-foot run,
Eath to be known, each hero, by his port,
And shining crest ! And follow after, fast,

Who noblest of their Britons, Gauls and Almains,
Glittering in number as eight hundred men.
As glorious Brennus, noble Heremod,
Did seek, erewhile, in war, each other's bane;
They now contend, both, brethren, in dear love;
Towards spouse, towards sister, like two flames of fire:
And both theirs is the young child Sigamer.
They come on, with much cry, like flock of stares.
See, scatter, at the heroes' nigh approach,
Seed of the Northern gods, fell Umbrians!
Nor those wait their hand-strokes, nor bear their shouts,
(Such fear puts in their hearts the mother goddess.)
They flee, from Santhia, an heartless multitude.
But sore constraint falls in the travailled breasts,
Of those two running dukes, that shine far off;
Which gleam have seen, o'er field, of Guidion's[1] shield,
And see now glancing morion of the queen.
They lift devout, up to the heavenly towers,
Their armèd hands. They run now, where, the grass,
Strew Umbrian dead. New cold creeps in their loins,
When, drawing nigh, they, Fridia's tilted wain,

[1] Guidion is Woden.

May plainly see, thick-fledged of long war-shafts!
Which, gainst her life, her enemies lately shot.
Blessed be the gods! she stands forth, them receive:
Her helm now doffs; and they embrace and kiss.
Then Fridia shows them blue-eyed Sigamer,
Whom Osset rocks, with sweet Hesperian song,
And looks of love, babe suckled in the wars.
And smiles, unto them both, the royal child.

When of this blissful day, the sun dismounts,
Captains and kings sit, yet in their war weed,
Under fair chesten boughs; and with the queen,
They sup. Turn rowan spits, beside the hearth,
Swart young men, captives of Iberian war,
With pleasant smell of roast, to hungry hearts.
Young warriors set on bread, before the dukes,
On whom they wait; and pour, in gold-lipped cups,
(Horns of the great wild ox of forest Almaigne,)
Ausonian blood-red wine. Sup martial Gauls,
At thousand fires; and feel revive their hearts.
An herald, after meat, from the duke's hearth,
Blows mournful note; in sign, all silent drink,
And pour wine out, upon the foster earth;
To memory of their dead, in battle slain,
Or sickness, or through malice of some god

Oft as some chief one, loud records that herald,
His eyeballs, wherein born are burning drops,
Shrouds many a man of Gauls' tall warriors.
Uprose at the king's feet, a Briton bard;
He took his rote[1] from off his neck, and toucht
The silver wires, and wove them in his hands,
With war-like voice, and clear as shepherd's reed,
Of each, he chants, in order due, the story;
But chiefly the high praise of Cadivor
And Amrigol. His dreaming instrument,
Then made mourn low, honouring young Centigern,
Beloved of all the army, and groan the dukes;
And Fridia weeps, and wetted her bright hairs,
Which, token of dool, the gentle queen had loost:
And all which list that silver-shrill lament,
Rue in their hearts. Then ceased the vates sing,
That himself weeps. And, that day, the name, erst,
Of Rome, was heard, upon the chords of Samoth.
Relates then Brennus, briefly, the emprise
Of Tuscan Clusium, tells of vanquished Rome,
And that soil's sickness; and prince Centigern slain.
Whereafter, ethling Heremod gan rehearse,
How Lingones, his stout warriors, in their march,
(Like beasts in pen, and howling wolves without,)

[1] The same word as *crowd*, a stringed instrument.

Beset; which soon were infinite swarms: sith
Brennus,
Being, after days, of those, heard to approach,
They spersed, by night-time. He, on whom were left,
Then sallied suddenly; and, before his warriors,
(That them, which fled, with slaying sword, pursued,
And furious spears,) those fell down, in thick wood.
Standing without, record then loud-voiced heralds,
The royal words; which heard, men joyful shout,
And smite to hollow shields, their war-like arms:
Wives of the Gauls, in all the camps, clap hands!
King Brennus, proudly, girt then valorous arm
Of Fridia, mortal loved of the Earth goddess,
With jewel of Etruscan dedale work,
(His only partage of the Roman war,)
Of the red gold; whereon, of Fidius,
Winged unborn god of love, the image crowned,
Is seen: and noble Fridia, happy smiled.
But she lifts, sudden, in prophetic mood,
Uprisen, hark! loud presaging voice to arms!
Gauls' main camp, Fridia, illumined of the goddess,
Sees compassed round of nations enemies!
New voice of heralds, tumult, war-horns' noise!
Fell power, then, on the two kings, of the gods;
That they leap forth in harness. On them, Nertha,

Fresh vigour, breathes, and in swift course sustains ;
That imped seem, on their shoulders, eagles' wings,
And under them, as bulls, leap their strong knees.
Brennus and Heremod run, in arms, all night,
Unweariable dukes ; whom follow fast,
Their warriors in dim hills, with flaming brands.
When dawn, wide-clad, in gold-fringed glittering weed,
Springs ; on returning host, which Vellorix leads,
They beat ; and aids, which hurt Verpolitus leads :
And each, erst, deemed the other enemies ;
For mist, which yet lay on that meadow's breast.
See, wayworn, march that main of war-like Gauls ;
Whereof, not few, hewed like the Autumn leaf,
Come sick, from smouldering Rome. In the long path,
Go many training weary joints, uneath :
That fain would lay them down, in briars ; so sweet
It were, to sleep, in cragged rocks, were, rest ;
To slumber in cold mire, in wind and wet !
Thence taking only thousand chosen warriors,
The kings, of whom unvanquished is the force ;
Like full-fed steeds, in race, anew leap forth.
Before them wood and hill seem, speeding, pass.
So ran they on : but did withhold the gods,
To lead the army, unwilling, Vellorix.

Nighs eve ; and Nertha yet upholds their strength,
As though felt not their bruised feet the long trode.
Their beacon an hill's head ; and when night falls,
Lo, certain star, whereunder say their guides,
(Men of Verpolitus,) that Gauls' main camp lies,
By a brook side, closed-in of enemies.
They halt, to sup ; and then, one little hour,
Till rising of the moon, lie down to sleep :
Whence they awake refreshed, power of the goddess !
As were from night-long rest. They risen so run,
As seemeth that Nertha flings them, from her palm.
Erst from hill brow, at day, they wall discern,
Which girds-in Gauls' main camp, and dukes and warriors,
Which it defend. Are those, like great horned beasts,
Of many wolves beset; that every way,
Turn threatful heads, and ceaseless is their strife.
Like to sea's face, whereon the sunbeams brake,
Glisters wide field, with harnessed enemies.
Erst mark, who run with Brennus, of Gauls' powers,
The huge Helvetian king, known by his arms,
And by his towered targe. Next whom, be seen,
Asperian, Merovin priest, and Frisian Eormen ;
And Irmenfried, who vies, in war-like worth,
Cheruscan duke, with ethling Heremod.

Then Bran, Dumnomian, whose spear-glittering men,
Seem flames upon the wall. Next Carduan,
Who battle-king is named of Belgic Britons.
Mongst shining band of vehement warriors,
Ligurian Vara fights. Beyond whom, seen
Are, Almain warsmiths ; mongst whose matchless spears,
Are Offa and Ceolin, known by their helms' crests,
In that they beat back surging enemies.
Lo, on that other hand, Italic Gauls !
Erst Biandrante, who in glorious harness,
With greaves upon his legs, of shining brass,
Stands, like bold charioteer, on his camp wall.
Beyond whom, each with their proud men of war,
Fight Marvor, Oggion, Tolsa, and Marmirol ;
With whom joined bold Insubrian Garlescan,
Who war-band leads, all servants of his house.
Then strong Treveglion ; beyond whom Biellan,
And Roysan's helms, Transpadine warriors :
Past whom, lo, where unvanquished Baladore
Sustains much battle press. This, they admire,
Dread dance of war, that come with glorious Brennus !
But chiefly an aged hero, in Gauls' camp gate,
That port hath made his body ; and which doth fight,
(Wielding in either warlike hand, iron mace,)

With all durst him approach: and whose long locks,
Over his hauberk, hang down by the nape,
Like eagle's feathers white, the hero Bazzan,
Of martial Cenomans. Disdains this champion,
To stand, in shielded ranks, mongst lesser warriors.
A god, him from thick-flying shot, defends;
And yet maintains, in age, his matchless force.
Of all that came in compass of his hands;
In his long life, few ones returned have, home.
Gainst all the nations, which them now beset,
Fell Boii and Lingones, Umbrians; and the powers
Of thirty Tuscan towns, Gauls hold uneath.
So many are, in this field, their enemies,
That, whilst a third part fight, by turns, the rest
Might eat and sleep: but Gauls can take no rest.
This seen, from far; approaching from wood-shaw,
Lo, on, covertly, leads Brennus, his tall warriors!
Whence, with loud cry, invoked Gauls' battle gods;
They break out, and run sudden in plain field.
And, yet them shrouded Nertha's hand, from view;
Whilst they contend, to yond beleaguered walls.
Nor were those foes aware, turned towards the Gauls,
Their face; till Brennus' glaive is at their necks!
Before the axe, in woodman's robust hands,
As falls some trunk, that ruins, with vast poise,

In immense space, with many spreading arms;
So hew the glaives of Brennus that armed press,
With dreadful mingled shout of Gauls and Almains;
Hew way of blood, amongst Italic swarms,
In the vast eddies of their spears and shields.
And made them Nertha seem new mighty army.
Gauls, at that cry, leap on their rampire walls,
Marvelling! They, weary warriors, with long siege,
Then shout aloud, of Heremod and king Brennus,
The illustrious names, and blaze from trumpets throats!
Cold coward fear, breathe gods, which fight for Gauls,
Then in Italic breasts; when, from their banks,
Like giants, now issue, Gauls' beleaguered dukes.
Break Gauls, at once, forth, yelling, from all gates.
First Umbrians fled aghast, for dread of Brennus;
Fled Lingones, and them spersed forth towards thick woods.
Flee Tuscans, whose camp takes Verpolitus;
Wherein rich booty of furnitures and arms.
But all too weary, to pursue, were Gauls.
Scattered the enemies' nations, in wide field,
They fled, till eve. The fourth day's dawning was;
When, as beat quails in trammels, fall not few,

Fleeing by Santhia, on the camps of Fridia.
Then Witta and Vellorix, which there wake, in arms;
With the stern warriors, which returned from Rome,
Whom Cerdix leads, issue like stinging swarms.
Waked was in hoar moon-shine queen Fridia, amidst
The women's wains, afflicted of pale vision.
She dreamed, she captive fell mongst enemies!
From sleep, she leapt; did raiment on, and snatcht
Her bow and Woden shield, and sheaf of shafts.
Yet stooped she, and erst child Sigamer she kissed:
So ran forth, and mounts that Asturian steed,
Which cometh, the gift of Brennus, to her hand.
Leap other valorous spouses of the Gauls,
Women of war, from thill-boards of their wains.
They Fridia follow soon, to foot, to horse;
With outcries shrill. The starring morion, in
That dim light, of queen Fridia, leads them on.
Behold those wifemen hurl, impetuous,
With their spears' points, upon the enemies' backs.
Now have they, partly, cut the rearward off,
Whom they compel, to cast, for life, their arms:
Then drive, aye glorious deed, like beasts, to camp!
Fast swift-foot Vellorix, with the men of war,
After the greater flight pursues: that all

The way along, before their furious spears,
Fall down, till the hot noon ; when wearied Gauls,
Bearing, on wattled boughs, their wounded ones,
Return ; lo, thousand captives, reft of arms,
Driving in bounden. When they come, gainst eve,
Lo, Fridia keeps the gates, girt in bright harness !
Next day's light wanes, when cry raised on the walls,
Comes Brennus ! Chariots lo, and horse approach ;
And these precede the main returning host.
Thus gathered have together, from all parts,
Again, with joy, their gods, victorious Gauls.
Join then, in greeting, thousand strong right hands.
At morrow's noon, when led before the kings,
All captives ; Laon, king and priest of Umbrians,
Is found : and first had him descried Biellan,
Albe he counterfeit him, in poor weed,
To be some husbandman. Are Umbrian lords
These with him, whom cut off the impetous spears
Of those bold wifemen of the war-like Gauls ;
Whereby reputed all this war is ended,
For Umbrians reverence Laon as a god.
And all who rich and noble, (which made known
By men of Arunt and Verpolitus,)
Are held to ransom. The now wearied Gauls,

In standing camps abide, then, certain days.
And cast the dread of them, their battle gods,
On all the enemies of great glorious Brennus.
  Then Tuscan cities sue, for peace, to Gauls,
And Umbrians, sending solemn embassage.
Disloyal Lingones send then their two kings ;
Which lay all fault to charge of their young men,
Saying, they might them not refrain. But Brennus,
On them imposed to yield, of their eared fields,
Third part to Gauls : on hostile Umbrians,
Which their king-priest would ransom with much gold;
That they, yond Eridanus,[1] all their marches
Yield, and they would have peace with Sénones Gauls.
Receive stern answer, Tuscan embassies :
Upon each city, lays victorious Brennus,
A toll of victual ; cattle, corn and wine.

  In the king's council, certain accuse Tages,
Then saying, Was this corrupted their affairs,
Rendering false soothsays ; whereby, in late wars,
The estate was drawn in peril of all Gauls.
King Biandrante sent then, summon Tages.

[1] The river Po.

But that king's messengers Tages found, deceased;
Who opened in a bath, men say, his veins.
That seer foreknowing, to Etruscan nation,
By Gauls descended lately from the Alps,
Much hurt must follow; longtime used this sleight,
(Tendering his people yet his Tuscan soul,)
To Gauls, he gave Etruscan auguries;
Wherefore, he vengeance took on his own flesh.
But when hear Gauls, that strange new kind of death,
The seer, that so unmanly died, they deem
No man; for save by mouth of battle-iron,
Or bit of bronze, they hold no freeborn man
Ought die. Whence bury him his sons, not burn;
Like woman laid in a forgotten tomb,
And without honour of the martial Gauls.
  Out of his city, swift-foot messengers, then,
Glad tiding, to king Biandrante, bring:
How, yester, a maid child was born to him.
Her asks, for babe-king Sigamer, glorious Brennus:
And Biandrante accords; enduring bond,
Should be, between all kindreds of the Gauls.
Soon after this, Cisalpine Gauls march home;
Charged on their necks Etruscan spoils, as much
As each might carry. And did divide king Brennus,
Unto all their dukes, gold taken in this war.

Arrived, the same day, solemn embassage,
With trains of beasts, and bearing royal gifts,
From Clusian Arunt, to the Gauls' king Brennus;
Him brother, and new conqueror of Rome,
Saluting: and Porsenna's antique arms,
His glaive of adamant, ceiled with golden flowers,
He sends, and long-maned Greekish helm of bronze;
Whereon is effigied Rome's great temple-arx,
With silver wall and golden battlement,
For crest; and king Porsenna's hauberk bright,
With Victory-winged portrayed, in the mid breast;
And shield, wherein limned air-hanged monument,
With shining gold, which wonder of the land.
To Fridia, queen and sacred prophetess,
Of Gauls Transalpine, Arunt, reverent, sends
Etruscan mirror, made of mingled tin,
And gold and steel, which like stars' burning flame;
With imagery of the twelve greater gods,
Of Tuscan subtle antique work adorned.
To Heremod, two tall steeds, king Arunt sends,
Daughters, men feign, of swift Sicanian winds:
To babe-king Sigamer, jewel, made like chain,
Of the burned gold, of many little hands,
Whose magic virtue to preserve from harms.

Bring Arunt's legates treaty of fast league,
In brazen tablets, charactered with gold ;
Wherein is graven, FRIENDSHIP, AID IN WARS,
TWIXT CLUSIUM CITY AND TRANSALPINE GAULS.
The third day take those legates leave of Brennus;
And wend with them Tolosan Vellorix,
And Bran, Dumnonian. Is this Briton prince,
Mongst all the Gauls, which passed the Alps with Brennus
And Heremod, counted fairest personage :
These friendship shall confirm with Tuscan state.
And Brennus, bronze-hooked silver-tyréd chariot,
Sends to king Arunt ; and, in brazen coffer,
Lo, public gift, the temple ornaments,
Of ransom-gold of Rome : and asks king Brennus,
Might these be hanged, before his city's gods ;
And namely in the great fane of Tuscan Clusium,
Sign of enduring amity with his Gauls.
Sends to king Arunt, noble Heremod,
For token, amber precious cup ; it is
Of proof, gainst venim and all baneful spell ;
Wherein his sires, whose blood descends from Woden,
Drank mead ; and poured out to the blessed gods.
These things concluded, with grave sound of war-horns,

Gauls' martial nations, which have passed the Alps,
Levy their camps ; for lacks now in that place,
Herb for their beasts. At length, where Anemo's stream
Down-flows, they lodge : the place at a ford's head ;
Where verging common ways, is merchants' wont,
Convene to traffic. Gauls vend to them there,
Their captives taken in late Umbrian war.
Then Gauls make sacrifice, to their war-gods,
(Which dures forth other days,) and eat and drink.
And yet, ere the leaf falls, duke Heremod leads,
Eastward, a power, to sea of Umbrians.
That coast they waste : and after not long siege ;
By the only terror of their name, take Gauls
Ariminum, city fenced, at the sea waves.
Now winter nigh, the Gauls' victorious kings,
Appoint, o'er their armed nations, magistrates ;
That these divide, to every freeborn man,
A ploughland, were he Briton, Gaul or Almain.
Sith Gauls, in mirth and rest, pass winter feast.
Brennus and Heremod, then, their royal booths,
Pitch at flood side : that which, have Sénones Gauls,
Now Sequana named ; after the stream which flows,
In Gaul, by fair Lutece. There timbering Gauls,
Of wattle and of turves, them winter bowers,

Found town, which sith named Senogallia.
Whereof when tidings come to Clusian Arunt,
He Tuscan master-craftsmen, to king Brennus,
Sends; and Gauls, taught of these, build of hewed stones,
A temple and city; and fence round with just walls.

Printed by T. and A. CONSTABLE, Printers to His Majesty
at the Edinburgh University Press

Digitized with financial assistance from
Ms.Swati Thakar
on 13 March, 2020